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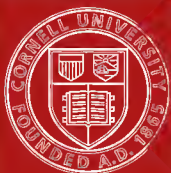
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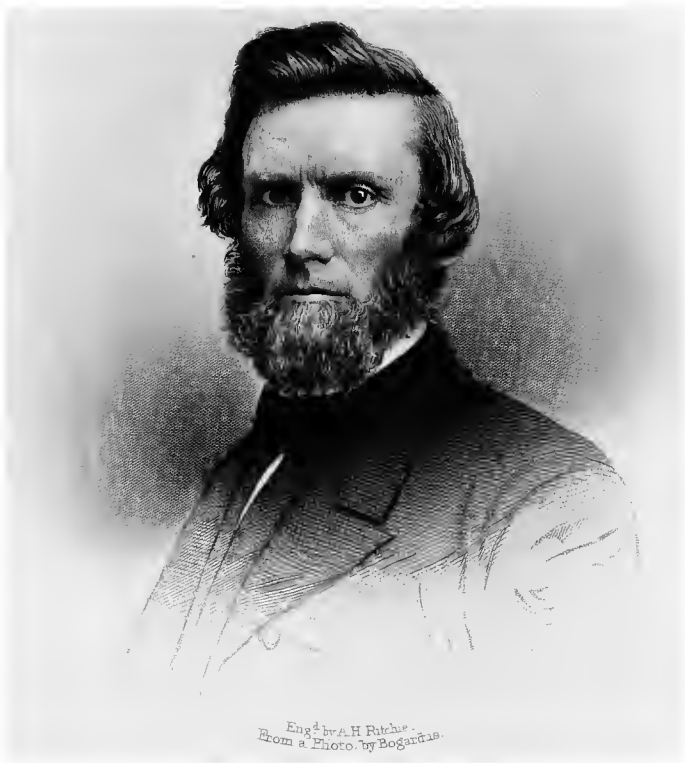


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W. Mattison

Work Here, Rest Hereafter ;

OR

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

REV. HIRAM MATTISON, D.D.

BY

Rev. N. Wansant.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY REV. EDWARD THOMSON, D.D., LL.D.,

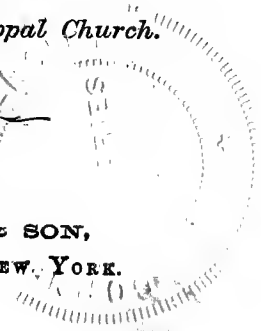
ONE OF THE BISHOPS OF

The Methodist Episcopal Church.

1870:

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Dedication.

TO THE
BLACK RIVER CONFERENCE,
*in which the subject of these Memoirs
began his itinerant Ministry, and continued
the same amid abundant labors,
afflictions, and successes, for
more than twenty-
five years:*

AND THE

NEWARK CONFERENCE,
which welcomed him to its Fellowship
in his ripened manhood; honored him with
one of its chief pastorates; looked with just
pride upon his heroic struggles for the RIGHT; and,
in common with "many thousands of Israel,"
lamented him in DEATH,

Is this Volume affectionately inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE title of this volume was suggested by Dr. Mattison's characteristic reply, when, in the last year of his life he was invited by Rev. Jesse S. Gilbert to address the Sabbath School of his Church: "We must *work here*," he said, "and *rest hereafter*." So fully was the one part of this motto exemplified in his life, and the future realization of the other part foreshadowed in his death, that the adoption of it as a title to his memoirs seemed eminently appropriate.

The author, while entertaining a profound admiration of his subject, has sought to be strictly impartial in presenting his life and character; but if at any point there has been a failure in this respect, it must be attributed to the undue leanings of a long and intimate friendship.

Great pleasure is felt in acknowledging the important aid received from the several persons, ministerial and lay, whose contributions are duly credited in the body of the work. A free and valuable use has been made of the material thus furnished. Thanks are also tendered to the various friends by whom appropriate suggestions have been made, but whose names do not appear in the book.

Newton, N. J.

N. V.

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INTRODUCTION.



WE can scarcely have too much well-written Biography of good men. It is history teaching by example. The soul of man, even in its ruins, is sublime, and its experience of divine grace, its struggles through the Christian conflict, and its triumphant passage from the world, constitute a chapter into which angels might desire to look.

The subject of this memoir was no ordinary man. A native of New York, of Puritan stock, and reputable parentage ; and reared, not in the lap of luxury, but in the paths of toil, he exhibited the American character in its best aspects.

Notwithstanding he had to contend from infancy with a feeble constitution, and frequently to suffer

from impaired health, his life was one of incessant and successful toil.

Though early made acquainted with the theology of Methodism, it was not until his faculties had matured, that he became a subject of grace, and then he had an experience most thorough and marked.

As a speaker, his manner was deliberate, his matter weighty, and his style of transparent clearness. His positiveness and power made him many antagonists, and his daring brought him into several public discussions, some written, some oral, in all of which he displayed great coolness and adroitness of argumentation.

As a periodical writer he evinced skill, and his editorial management of the "Conservative," and "The Primitive Christian," was able.

In the Agency of the "American Bible Society," as well as in that of "American and Foreign Christian Union," his fidelity, sagacity, and success, were remarkable.

His works on Astronomy, the Trinity, the Immortality of the Soul, and the Resurrection of the Body, will last.

In the Slavery controversy he early took the side of the right, and both in Annual and General Conferences, in the pulpit and on the platform, he gave to

the "great evil," terrible blows. Of course, he met with sturdy opponents, and having no tendency to compromise or conciliate, he made many enemies, and never became a popular favorite.

Overlooked in the distribution of offices, surrounded by unrelenting antagonists, injured, as he supposed, by legislation specially enacted to embarrass him, and desiring a home more permanent than the Itinerancy could give him, he, in an unlucky moment, left the M. E. Church, and became pastor of St. John's Independent Methodist Church. It will be interesting to all, and profitable to many of us to trace his struggles in this transition. No man whose mind is accustomed to thought, or whose heart is not dead to feeling, can leave the Church of his fathers, and of his choice, the church in which he has been educated, regenerated, and blessed, without many tears, and especially if he have ministered at its altars, enjoyed its generous support, led souls to its baptismal font, and welcomed them to its communion.

"No man is wise at all hours." It seems wonderful that a man of Mr. Mattison's sagacity, should undertake to stand alone in the Christian world. Amazing power, tremendous energy, and the hide of a rhinoceros, are necessary to play the part of a

religious Ishmaelite. And how evanescent must be the result of his labors ! The grave must soon receive him, and even a few weeks of sickness may arrest his work. And yet Mr. Mattison with all the examples which the history of his own church, and of others, afforded him, took this position. Four years of hard labor, and much tribulation, were necessary to convince him of his error. He had however, this apology for his Independency. He believed our church to be wrong on the slavery question, and other churches wrong on certain fundamental doctrinal questions ; the same tender conscience which drove him from our church, barred him from others. The war of the Great Rebellion, wrought wonderful changes both in the church and the nation, and these afforded him an admirable pretext for returning to the bosom of the M. E. Church.

Long before he returned, he stated to the writer that he was thoroughly convinced that no man should occupy any pulpit more than four consecutive years ; and that every year's experience deepened his conviction of the value, and even necessity of the Itinerancy.

He returned to the Church as a Local Preacher, and advanced to the Itinerant ministry in full connection, by the steps of the novitiate. At a re-union of the

Wyoming and Oneida Conferences, held at Ithica shortly after his return, he was among the first to speak, saying that he felt like the returning prodigal, who having reached his father's house, and obtained his father's forgiveness, was enjoying the fatted calf.

Before the world, he stood as the able preacher, the gifted writer, the stern controversialist, the unsparing antagonist; but he was not without the gentler and more attractive elements of character. He was an amiable, communicative, entertaining companion, a generous friend, and a loving husband and father.

From his rough breast a babe could press
Soft milk of human tenderness."

On all the storms of his life were rainbows, but only his more intimate friends were in position to see them. Happily, we have his Biography from the pen of a friend who was able to penetrate to the inner life of the man, and to describe with clearness, discrimination, and beauty, those good qualities which were hidden from superficial observers.

The deeper we penetrate into a bad man, the worse he appears; but the deeper we penetrate into a good one, the better he seems. If you find one *radically* right, you can easily magnify his excellences, and

diminish his defects ; you can set him in new attitudes to things, and new relations to men, which shall show him to advantage ; you can make due allowance for mistakes, and misapprehensions, and deceitful appearances, and can assign right motives for acts which have been injurious, or schemes that have miscarried.

In doing so, you are not drawing a wrong picture, but a right one ; the rough sketch of the world is imperfect, the one you have filled up is the true one ; if men do not think so, it is not because you are wanting in art, but they in taste. It is a satisfaction to a good man, to know that God's all seeing eye searches him, for though it may find a thousand sins which human eye cannot discern, or human malice conceive, it finds also mistakes and acts of penitence and prayer, and trust and faith, that even human charity could not imagine. God sees the sorrows with which no man intermeddleth, and the desolations which draw tears that fall in his sight only.

The young preacher will be able to ponder this "Life and Character," with great profit. True, he will see many defects and errors which he should avoid, for the man is not human who has none of

these. That is a fine remark which Lessing makes concerning Luther :

“I venerate Luther to such a degree, that I am glad to have discovered some faults in him, otherwise I should have been in danger of apotheosizing him. The traces of the human which I find upon him, are as precious to me, as the most dazzling of his perfections.”

In this “Life and Character,” are also to be found shining qualities—great facility of adaptation to circumstances, wonderful versatility of genius, accuracy and completeness in all work, patient endurance under opposition, devotion to the right, candor in acknowledging faults ; above all, a striking example of the old Latin maxim, “Labor overcomes all things.” We see here a man of but ordinary abilities, starting out in life with defective education, yet, by *steady application*, making himself respectable, useful, eminent, both as a speaker and writer. “Go thou and do likewise.”

E. THOMSON.

PART 1.

L I F E.



SUCH may my life be here ;
Not marked by noise, but by success alone ;
Not known by bustle, but by useful deeds ;
Quiet and gentle, clear and fair as light,
Yet full of all its penetrating influence ;
Wasting no needless sound, yet ever working
Hour after hour, upon a needy world.

[SONAR.]



CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.



HE memory of the just is blessed." This is not less true to-day, than it was when the wise man penned it centuries ago. Especially is it true of those who in life, were eminent for their piety and usefulness, and in death, "witnessed a good confession." It is fitting that the memory of such should be perpetuated by some enduring record, and not be left wholly to an uncertain tradition. This rule will apply with more than ordinary force to the distinguished subject of these memoirs.

He was born near the beginning of the present century, February 8, 1811, a time when the world was making

new and marvellous strides in discovery, invention, and philanthropy.

He was cradled amid the strife and din of war, his wild border home on Lake Ontario, being made a scene of conflict and desolation, by the war of 1812-15. His life thus began in stirring times, to the early inspiration of which may be attributed, in part, the restless activity and tireless enterprise of his nature.

But we must trace to his parentage more directly those striking elements of character which made him what he was. His father and mother, Solomon and Lydia W. Mattison, were both natives of New England, and partook largely of the distinguishing traits peculiar to the early settlers of that soil. The mother was a woman of great integrity of purpose, energy and fortitude. She not only reared her own twelve children, teaching them to care for themselves, but, in the course of her long and useful life did the same for ten others, who had not homes for themselves. The father was a man of excellent sense, and of good education for the times in which he lived; mild in temperament, and possessing a good degree of executive ability and inventive skill.

Early in the year 1814, they left the town of Norway, Herkimer County, New York, the birth-place of Hiram, and a younger brother, and settled in Oswego County, near the present city of Oswego. Their new home was a secluded wilderness farm, with not even a public road in the vicin-

ity; and the prevailing solitude was not unfrequently broken by the howling of the wolf, to whose voracious appetite, most of the sheep, driven with great difficulty from their former place of residence, became an early prey. Here they found themselves without churches, or schools, or near neighbors; and, to crown the misfortunes of their situation, the father was drafted to serve in the army, and obliged to leave the mother, with her three little ones, to her own energy and self-reliance. And right nobly did she acquit herself in these trying circumstances, performing with her own hands the work of her absent husband, and gathering the products of their little patch of cleared land, to shelter and safety.

An incident will show the perils to which they were exposed, and the good providence of God that watched over them. "On the 6th of May, 1814, Oswego was occupied by the British forces from Canada, under General Drummoud. During the following night a body of soldiers, drunk with the whiskey they had seized in the town, made a raid into the surrounding country, and approached the log cabin of Mrs. Mattison. Little Hiram, three years and three months old, lay asleep in a bunk against the walls. His terrified mother snatched him from his slumbers and fled to the woods with him in her arms. The soldiers fired on the house, and then entered and ransacked it. When they had left, the frightened family returned. What was the gratitude of the mother, to find

that her timely retreat had saved the life of her boy! A British bullet had entered the opposite side of the house and sunk deep into a log in the wall at the very spot where Hiram lay. Had he lain there a few minutes longer; that bullet had passed through his body! Thus, the God whose providence saved Moses from the crocodiles, and Wesley from the flames, saved Mattison from the marauder's bullet, to yet do a great work for him."*

The parents had early embraced religion, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, which at that time, in the sparsely inhabited country where they settled, had a very feeble and unpromising existence, with more enemies than friends; yet the worn and hungry circuit preacher always found a warm welcome within their hospitable home, and an annuity from its savings toward his support; for they regarded him as an ambassador of Christ, and worthy of all honor for the sake of Christ. Living to "a good old age," they saw that Church increase from its small beginnings, to a large and influential denomination, and continuing in her fellowship, died at last full of honors, from God and from men.†

It was under the training of such parents, and amid such influences, that the seed was sown which produced

* Memorial Sermon of Rev. G. L. Taylor.

† Of the mother we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. Her death occurred December 3, 1865. That of the father took place June 12, 1869. The day following, his eldest daughter, Mrs. Lucy W. Morgan, wrote thus: "My venerable father died last evening,

the golden harvest of results, so apparent in the life of our subject. Was there not a beautiful consonance between the seed and the harvest, between the sowing and the reaping? A living preacher and writer has eloquently said, "The Revolution did not make Washington. Emergency does not make principles or men; it only develops and applies their powers. The greatness and glory of our hero, must be traced to the nursery of Lady Washington."* So our humbler hero betrayed from the first, the deep impress of parental character and training. In respect to his physical constitution and health, he was, indeed, unlike either of his parents, being delicate and feeble from his birth, and, but for the simple, hardy life of a farmer's son, would probably never have attained to manhood. But in decision, ingenuity, and energy, his character was a true antitype of theirs.

As a boy he had a remarkable genius for mechanics, and was ever busy with various kinds of machinery, the streams on and near his father's farm, being often diverted in their course to run his miniature mills of varied and skilful construction. He seemed able not only to compre-

from paralysis of four days duration. The sudden death of his first-born, the son of his love and pride, was very severe upon him, and has perceptibly contributed to this final result. Calmly and peacefully, in perfect hope and trust, he has 'joined the loved ones gone before;' while his sorrowing children, with thankfulness for his long life and good example, seek to bear the trial with patience and resignation to the will of Him whom he loved and in whom he trusted."

* Rev. Jesse T. Peck, D. D.

hend at a glance, the principle and power of action, but also to make and put in successful operation what he saw. He had a natural taste for drawing, and could easily illustrate by this means, what seemed unresolvable by ordinary ones. He was highly imaginative and poetic, mostly on serious and religious subjects. With remarkable energy and tenacity of purpose, he was often daring and unflinching to the last degree, as a result of which he had many hair-breadth escapes from injury and death. As it was, nearly half of his childhood was passed in pain and bodily disability, from injuries received in daring exploits and enterprises. But these difficulties, though added to a naturally delicate constitution, did not extinguish the fire within him, but acted only as a wholesome damper to control and preserve it for future use. Still he was busy making or inventing *something*, a strong, vigorous mind, controlling the feeble, disabled body; and not until he was sixteen years old, did he possess sufficient health for the performance of even ordinary duties.

Being of a serious and contemplative turn of mind, with great veneration for sacred things, the school-boys would sometimes taunt him with the name of *Methodist*, and carnal weapons being at that time, more familiar to him than spiritual, his assailants would as often feel their force.

His early school advantages were small, and even those within his reach he was restrained from using, except very

partially, through extreme physical frailty; yet his ever active mind was continually grappling the great thoughts pertaining to human education, and with a quickness of perception, and a persistency of effort peculiarly his own, he mastered whatever he undertook. This was seen, as he grew older, in the means adopted by him to gratify his great fondness for books. Not content with the limited supply in his father's library, he procured others by becoming an agent for their sale; and by a diligent study of these hard-earned volumes, added to the limited knowledge acquired in the district school, he fitted himself for the work of a teacher, and while yet a youth took charge of a school in the adjacent district.

We have thus given an outline history of the earlier years of Mr. Mattison; and no one acquainted with him in after life can fail to see in this history a striking illustration of that well known line of Wordsworth:

"The Child is father of the Man;"

or as John Milton had written it a hundred and fifty years before:

"The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day."

The delicate frame of his infancy and childhood, was a true type of the feeble body which he carried with him all through his riper years, and which attended him to the close of life. Many a one with such a body would have sunk into an early grave; but his unconquerable ambition kept him alive, a walking skeleton in appearance, but a

giant in energy. The first seeming was, that all efforts to rear him, could be followed only by disappointment and grief; or, to use a phrase more common than elegant, that he was "not worth trying to raise." The sequel in this and multitudes of similar cases, best shows how little value attaches to the predictions of friends or even medical attendants, though sometimes made with oracular confidence. It is said of Dr. Lyman Beecher, that when he was four months old he weighed but as many pounds, his only cradle being a pillow supported by the nurse's arms. An active, healthy boy, twelve years of age, and sustaining very tender relation to the author, when six weeks old, and nearly resembled a living human skeleton as the reader can well imagine, and was not less an object of deep mortification to his parents and friends, than he now is of just pride. Let no doting mother as she yearns over a wasted, unpromising infancy, or as she watches the tottering footsteps of slender childhood, say in her heart, "It is better for him to die than to live;" for that emaciated form may unfold a germ of future greatness and glory and conceal a power which shall one day shake the world.

The intellectual vigor and moral energy of Mr. Mattison was plainly foreshadowed in his earlier years. That he should prove himself a man of more than ordinary powers—a skilful debater, a vigorous writer, an extraordinary preacher, a genius in mechanics, drawing, poetry and music, and a successful business man, possessing a versa-

tility of talent scarcely surpassed by any, and equaled only by a few—that all this should prove true of him was but to be expected from the early scintillations of his greatness.

CHAPTER II.

CONVERSION AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY.



THAT Mr. Mattison's conversion did not occur till he was twenty-three years old, seems to have been no fault of his home training. Could godly examples, devout prayers, and pious counsels have earlier brought it to pass, it would have been done. But however great our wonder and regret at this unseemly delay, the singular providence which at length led to it, the manner of its occurrence, the thoroughness with which it was wrought, and the blessed fruits that followed, cannot fail to excite our liveliest gratitude and joy.

Previous to this date he had been united in marriage with Miss Melinda Griswold, who afterward simultaneously with himself sought and found the Lord.

About this time he was passing through that stage of doubt and inquiry, which is too often mistaken for settled skepticism or unbelief. Happily, God has his own mode of reaching such minds. "He had a sheet let down from

heaven for Peter, and a flash of celestial glory for Paul; so he had a messenger for Hiram Mattison. One winter evening, a British soldier who had deserted from Canada and landed at Oswego, called at the school-master's cottage, and begged a supper and a night's lodging. Mr. Mattison gave him the only spare bed in the house, a blanket on the floor before the fire. In the morning, the stranger gave his host all he had to give, a cheap edition of an English poem then recently published. It was Pollok's 'Course of Time.' That gift was more welcome than gold. During the day Mr. Mattison was deeply absorbed in his new treasure, and it proved to be more than a poem. Its powerful statements of orthodox truth, its inspired ardor and fire, and especially its solemn pictures of human destiny at the close of time, made a profound impression upon his mind. He was immediately awakened to a sense of his need of God and religion, and sleep fled from him.

His wife awoke in the night to find him standing before the fire weeping a flood of tears. She found that his distress had been caused by the book. He was under powerful religious conviction; 'O, what shall I do?' cried the agonized man. 'Pray, Hiram, pray,' was the answer of a pious aunt in an adjoining room, awakened from her sleep by his anguish. 'O, I can't pray!' 'But you *must* pray,' rejoined the aunt, and the awakened man with his penitent wife, fell before God and sent up the cry to heaven, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' For hours the struggle in

prayer went on, until a sudden sense of relief, increasing to thankfulness and great joy, filled the soul of the suppliant. He seemed to himself a new man in a new world, and his heart overflowed with love to God and man. Yet being ignorant of the true nature of his feelings, on the next evening he walked three miles to a little Methodist prayer meeting, and presented himself as an inquirer. But while he told the story of the previous day and night, and how he then felt, the brethren cried out, 'You are converted already.' 'That's just as we felt when God converted us!' He was enabled to see that this was really the case, and that the supreme spiritual transformation of the 'new birth' had truly transpired within him. He was 'a new creature,' and 'rejoiced with joy unspeakable.'**

It seemed a small matter for him to lodge a wandering soldier for a night, but thereby he "entertained an angel unawares." It seemed a smaller thing still for that soldier to leave behind him a book, soiled and worn perhaps, but that book was a stray arrow from the quiver of truth. Oh, Providence had a mission for both the book and its donor.† His, indeed, was but a way-side sowing of truth,

* Rev. George Lansing Taylor.

† A foot note in Dr. Mattison's work on the Immortality of the Soul (page 379,) contains the following beautiful allusion to this book: "The writer was convinced of sin, and led to Christ, in December 1834, through the instrumentality of '*The Course of Time*,' a poem by Robert Pollok:

'O happy day that fixed my choice,
On thee my Saviour and my God.'"

but the fowls of the air devoured not all the seed ; there was one spot of "good ground" on which it fell, and brought forth even more than a hundred-fold of blessed results. How mighty for good, oftentimes, is indirect unconscious influence ! A word fitly spoken ; a tract given away ; an ejaculation uttered ; a helping hand extended—these and kindred acts though performed incidentally, under God's blessing become "as nails fastened in a sure place."

Equally well does this incident illustrate the *reflex* influence of a good deed. "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself." "And whosoever shall give to drink even unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward." How little did the inmates of that humble lake-shore home conjecture, that the honest, unpretending hospitality bestowed by them on a poor wayfaring man, would come back to them so soon, freighted with a thousand blessings !

Herein God was better even than his promise: "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days." Their finding followed close upon the casting; they began at once to gather what they had scattered. But let none be discouraged if the "many days" elapse before returns come in:

"For blessings ever wait; on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds."

The conversion of Mr. Mattison thus providentially

incited, was eminently evangelical and thorough. It was preceded by a conviction for sin even deeper than the account just given would indicate, and by a longer and severer struggle for relief. Describing the case, his sister Mrs. Morgan writes: "After *great distress* of mind for *many days*—he found peace in believing." His was "a full cup" of repentance, and he drank it to the dregs. He had views and realizations of sin which made it appear "exceeding sinful." A lively remembrance of his experience at this time attended him all through life, and gave an unusually pronounced character to his theology touching human depravity or inbred sin. All attempts to tone down this doctrine, found in him a vigilant critic and stout opposer.

His conversion was a true counterpart of his awakening. "The *change was too perceptible to be mistaken*," is the language of his sister. It was no superficial conversion, but deep, radical, thorough. It was such a conversion as reminds one of St. Paul's. Would that all conversions were of this type; but they are not. Some amount to no more than conviction, or repentance, or baptism, or uniting with the Church; but no one of these, or all of them together, can make up a case of evangelical conversion. Too often is "the hurt of the daughter of my people healed slightly," and "peace, peace," is proclaimed "when there is no peace." As a result, open backsliders are multiplied in the land, and mere nominal professors everywhere cumber

the Church. The experience of multitudes whom the Church accepts as converted, falls painfully below the Scriptural standard, a standard which Mr. Watson has correctly and copiously set forth in his definition of the new birth or regeneration: "It is that mighty change in man, wrought by the Holy Spirit, by which the dominion which sin has over him in his natural state—and which he deplores and struggles against in his penitent state—is broken and abolished, so that with full choice of will and the energy of right affections, he serves God freely, and 'runs in the way of his commandments.'"^{*} There was a striking, we had almost said, an intense conformity to this goodly standard in the experience of Mr. Mattison. No marvel then, that he was wont to look upon his conversion, as the most important event of his life, or that with both his tongue and his pen, he was bold to magnify the doctrine of the new birth to its true position in Bible divinity. He held, what his experience taught him, that conversion as a fact involves more than the mere germ of the Christian life; that the blade and the ear are essential elements of it; and that the full corn in the ear is the result of subsequent continuous growth.

His call to the ministry was not long delayed; indeed almost simultaneously with his conversion, came the impression that God had a special work for him to do. For a

* Institutes, vol. ii, page 267.

time he sought to divert his mind from it, but without success; and at length yielding to the importunity of the Spirit, he surprised his friends by declaring his conviction of duty, and his willingness to obey the divine requirement. It seemed to them but little less than presumption and recklessness in *him* to enter upon such a course. With a school education exceedingly limited, a wife and two children to provide for, a certainty of hard work and poor pay, and a constitution ill adapted to the rough circuit life of those times, the prospect of success seemed anything but flattering. Yet the call was imperative, and he must obey. He therefore set himself resolutely at work to prepare for the duties of his high calling, and in a few months was permitted by the authorities of the Church, to use his talents as an exhorter. His efforts were successful beyond expectation; indeed his first attempt at exhortation was attended by remarkable results, three of his hearers being awakened and afterward converted. This but confirmed his persuasion that God had called him to the work of the ministry, and with renewed diligence he devoted himself to study and the other necessary preparations for the life of a Methodist itinerant.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY ITINERANT EXPERIENCES.



R. Mattison's first field of itinerant labor was Granby circuit, in Oswego County, N. Y. He was employed here by Rev. N. Salsbury, presiding elder of the District, to fill a vacancy as junior preacher, Albert Seymour being preacher in charge. This was in 1835, the year following his conversion. In June 1836, he was admitted on trial in the Black River Conference, at the first session after it was set off from the Oneida Conference, and appointed to Victory circuit, lying mostly in Cayuga County. Those were the days of saddlebags and long rides, of rude accommodations and small allowances which in due proportion entered into the early experiences of our young itinerant. With glowing earnestness, and humorous good nature, have we heard him recount the "ups and downs" of his life at that period. His appointments though not "few," were "far between;" and the places of worship occupied by him and his congregations, were innocent of either "outward" or

“inward adorning.” Quarterage was by many, interpreted to mean a quarter of a dollar for each quarter of the year; but as even this small allowance per member might minister to the preacher’s vanity, a more rigid interpretation was adopted by some, with whom “quarterage” meant a quarter of a dollar for the whole year.

But what were hardships like these to a brave heart? He had entered the work from an enthusiastic love of it, no less than from a sense of stern duty. “Onward, right onward,” was his motto; and for two long, laborious years, he occupied this, his first itinerant field in connection with the Conference, “bating not a jot of heart or hope.” One, who was well circumstanced to know, affirms that he served the Church here “acceptably and with *marked success*, enduring all the privations of his situation with cheerfulness and hope;” and another equally well informed, declares that his ministry here was “*greatly blessed*,” and that “he witnessed a great ingathering of souls.” Noble beginning in a noble work!

He was next appointed to Adams, Jefferson County, a distance of nearly one hundred miles from Victory. Here he found a small Church struggling to uphold itself amid great discouragements. This gave him ample scope for the exercise of his energy and self-sacrificing zeal; and grandly did he use his opportunity. During the two years of his ministry here—1838-9—revival succeeded revival, and all the interests of the Church, financial, social, and

spiritual, advanced beyond the most sanguine expectation. Never did toiling itinerant leave a charge, with his brow more thickly wreathed with the laurels of success. But to him it was a dear-bought success.

“He jests at scars who never felt a wound;”

but our itinerant hero, in this early warfare for Christ and his Church, had received wounds many and deep, the scars of which he bore to an honored grave. Wearied and worn by excessive labor, and with health greatly impaired, he was compelled at the ensuing Conference, to ask for a change of relation from effective to superannuated.

The necessity for this step was a trial of no small concern; but this was only “the beginning of sorrows,” as the reader will presently see. To seek rest, and once more enjoy the rare luxury of a visit to his parents, he set out, accompanied by his wife, for the old homestead, around which clustered so many pleasant memories. It had long been a welcome home to the weary itinerant; it was doubly so to him. The presence in that familiar place of those who under God had given him his being, and whom he loved almost as much as life, afforded him a joy which no language can describe. Their words to him were as music, their smiles as sunbeams. Those were happy, thrice happy days, which he spent under that parental roof. What a relaxation from toil! What an unbending from care!

What a light and buoyant heart! And in all these enjoyments his wife was a delighted sharer.

The scene changes—why not?

“We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.”

We follow them as they break away from these loved associations, and pursue their journey homeward. Having been released by action of his Conference from the duties of the pastorate, he must now provide for the settlement of his family, while he goes out in quest of health. With this in view, they have started for their home at Adams.

The wife is seized with sudden sickness, and they are obliged to halt on the way. Where shall they find a resting place? God provides, and they are welcomed to the home of an acquaintance and member of the Church. The disease proved to be a malignant fever. For weary days and nights, the husband and other attendants watch beside her, awaiting in painful suspense the result. To human view there seems many reasons why she should not die, but live. Her husband's broken health, and the helplessness of four young children, unite in mute pleadings to God to spare her life. But the disease proved fatal; the children were too young to realize their loss, but the father and husband felt it in its full force. “All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me,” was but a fitting expression of his profound sorrow. As she was borne away and committed to the grave, his heart was broken—no, not broken, for he heard a voice saying unto him, “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.” “I am

the resurrection and the life" "Even so also, them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

But the end is not yet. He himself was prostrated by the same disease, and for a time his recovery seemed improbable—almost impossible. Here was trouble succeeding trouble. With a burning fever preying upon his delicate frame, added to the sorrow of bereavement that oppressed and well nigh crushed him, it seems little less than miraculous that he survived, and at length regained his wonted health.* He was now left with four small children—the youngest a babe—whose helpless condition made a most touching appeal to his parental heart; but with the fortitude which the promise "Lo I am with you

* After writing the above, the following interesting statement was furnished by John Iliff Esq., of Newton, N. J. On the last night of 1840 a watch-meeting was held at the Mountain School house near his residence. Mr. Mattison accompanied Mr. Iliff and the Rev. Edward Sanders, preacher in charge of the circuit, to the place of meeting. The house was full of people, but was very cold and uncomfortable, so much so that a proposition was made to leave without holding any services. Mr. Mattison, however felt that he must say a few words, which he did by relating his experience. He told of his awakening by reading Pollok's Course of Time; of his subsequent conversion; his call to the ministry, etc. Then in touching and beautiful words he spoke of his late affliction. In one particular his statement differed from the account above given. He spoke of himself as being stricken down before his wife's death, and as being at that time so low that he knew nothing of his loss or of the funeral except a concourse of people at the house. When with a pathos peculiarly his own he exclaimed "My Melinda is gone! but I am left!" the effect was overpowering, and the congregation were eager to sit and listen longer forgetful of all bodily discomfort. He accordingly took a text, Acts 17, 31, and preached a sermon of rare eloquence and power on the general judgment. It is known that three conversions at least resulted from that memorable sermon.

always," inspired, he set himself about the delicate and difficult task of providing for them a suitable home. Having succeeded in this, a new trial ensues. His health demanded a milder climate, and arrangements must be made for a temporary residence and service in a more southern latitude: but his motherless children can not go with him; and to leave them behind involves the painful uncertainty that he may never see them again.. In this condition of anxious suspense we follow him in the next chapter to new and untried scenes.

CHAPTER IV.

BIBLE AGENCY IN NEW JERSEY.



THE failure of Mr. Mattison's health in the pastoral work, involved no failure of his godly ambition, nor had his more recent bereavement and dangerous illness dampened in the least, the ardor of his desire for usefulness. With characteristic energy he sought and obtained an appointment as agent of the American Bible Society for the State of New Jersey; and, sorrow-stricken yet resolute, he gave a father's blessing to his little ones, and committing them to the care of God and sympathizing friends, entered upon the duties of his new position. Here as elsewhere, his remarkable versatility of talent made him fully equal to the work assigned him. His preaching awakened unusual interest wherever he went, and his success in raising funds was in keeping with his well-known financial tact. It was during the years of this agency 1840-1 that the writer's acquaintance with him began, and that the foundation was laid of the enduring friendship which afterward subsisted between

him and many members of the New Jersey and Newark Conferences. Not confining himself to the routine duties of his agency, he performed no small amount of extra work in protracted meetings, at camp-meetings, etc. Our first recollections of him are associated with his preaching in a revival at Vincentown, then a part of Medford circuit, in the fall of 1841. That princely man of God, Rev. John F. Crouch, was preacher in charge and the writer his colleague. Mr Crouch, like Mr Mattison, was tall and slender in person and of feeble health; nor were they greatly unlike each other in their mental constitution. Both were masters in the pulpit; and together they strove night after night as intellectual and moral athletes, not against each other, but in a noble competition for Christ and his cause. The sermons preached by Mr. Mattison at that time made a profound impression; and two of them, the one on "Justification by Faith," from Acts xiii: 38, 39; the other on "Being often Reproved," from Proverbs xxix: 1, are vividly remembered to this day.

But a short time prior to this, he had been called in a very unexpected way, to be a defender of the orthodox faith against the onslaughts of Arianism. In pursuance of his work as Bible agent, he was stopping at the house of a friend in Hunterdon County, not far from what was then known as "Mine Hole Church," but which now bears the more euphonic name of "Union." His host having stated to him that a stranger would preach in the church that

evening, it was arranged that they should attend, which they accordingly did. The stranger was an Arian preacher, who had made an appointment there with the hope of supplanting orthodoxy by what he deemed a better faith. The church belonged to a large circuit, the pastor living remote from it and not being present at the meeting. With great confidence and zeal, the strange preacher declaimed against the doctrine of the Trinity, and with rude hands disrobed the divine Saviour of his "eternal power and Godhead." He seemed to have every thing his own way. However the congregation dissented from him in thought, no one was prepared to take issue with him in utterance.

He was master of the situation; and flushed with success, he boldly challenged any one present to question his theology. A profound silence ensued, and was broken only by a repetition of the challenge in louder and fiercer tones. Still no one responded. Could Hiram Mattison sit there and not speak? Could he see Jesus robbed of his glory, and raise no hand to defend him? Could he hear "the name high over all" reproached, and enter no words of protest? He arose, and in his wonted calmness and clearness of utterance, exposed the false teachings of the Arian preacher who became more excited than ever, and directed a personal challenge to Mr. Mattison for a public discussion of the points at issue. The latter sought to excuse himself by urging that he had been employed

to do a specific work, and that he could not take from that work the time which would be necessary to prepare for a public debate. With an air and tone of triumph, the advocate of the Arian faith replied, "That is always the way; whenever we propose to meet the defenders of orthodoxy in a face-to-face discussion, they always find some excuse to avoid it!" What less could Mr. Mattison do than accept the vaunted challenge—and accept he did. The points to be discussed; the time and place of meeting; and the other necessary details were soon arranged, and the audience was dismissed. The day and hour fixed at length arrived, and the disputants presented themselves in presence of a large expectant congregation. Will the debate proceed? Why not? Mr. Mattison is ready, and his opponent is on hand. But the latter, contrary to an express provision in the agreement, proposed that a friend by whom he was accompanied, should take his place in the debate.

This of course could not be allowed; and Mr. Mattison was obliged to occupy the whole time allotted for the discussion, which he did in a clear convincing argument that rang out over his enchained audience in tones of almost superhuman eloquence and power, and which sounded the death-knell of Arianism in all that region. His discomfited opponents lingered in the congregation only to see their boasted theology completely dissected, and "given to be meat unto the fowls of heaven." Never did moral hero

achieve a sublimer victory. Nor has the fruit of it been lost. A friend, whose personal knowledge of the case authorizes him to speak, assures us that ever since, "Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and all other evangelical Christians in the community, have united to bless the name of Hiram Mattison, who, under God, became their deliverer from a troublesome and dangerous heresy." The fruit appeared also in another form, and has given nourishment and comfort to thousands remote from the scene of conflict. The preparation for the public debate contained the seed-thought which afterward grew into a small volume, entitled, "A Scriptural Defense of the Doctrine of the Trinity"—a volume which has had a wide circulation, and which is unsurpassed by any similar work of the same compass, in the language.

In the course of his travels, Mr. Mattison visited the southern counties of the State, where his preaching attracted great crowds to the churches, and where his fervid appeals in behalf of the Bible cause, drew from them collections of surprisingly large amounts. All along the sea-board he was hailed as a modern Apollos, "an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures." At camp-meetings and in churches alike "the word of the Lord sounded out" from him in neither tame nor uncertain tones. A friend, the Hon. David S. Blackman of Unionville, Atlantic County, writing of his Bible sermon at that place, says, "I well remember the Doctor's text, Proverbs iii: 9,

“Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of thine increase.” The sermon was excellent, and made a fixed impression on many minds. I heard a neighbour say yesterday, that he had not yet forgotten the text and the chief points of the sermon, though an irreligious man.” More than twenty-seven years have passed since that sermon was preached by lips now sealed in death. May its sublime truths still treasured in the memory, find their way, though late, to the unsaved heart and make it “free.”

There is one, now “well stricken in years,” who first heard his voice at a camp-meeting held during this year at Tuckerton, Burlington County. She cannot read these lines; she never saw his face; but the very name of Hiram Mattison, always kindles in her heart the liveliest emotions of gratitude, for it was from his lips that she received the promise of her first volume of God’s word in raised letters, a promise which was faithfully redeemed, through Bishop Janes, a few months after. Who has not heard of blind Mary Collins? During the session of the New Jersey Conference at Camden, in the spring of 1842, she was one day sitting in the left side gallery. As the business proceeded, she was a deeply interested listener, though all was dark to her sightless eyeballs. At a given signal she was led below and presented before the Bishop, who, in words of melting pathos and power, presented to her a copy of the Psalms in raised letters, the generous gift of the

American Bible society. Excepting her conversion, that was the happiest moment of her life. Overwhelmed with gratitude, she took the precious gift, and pressing it to her convulsed bosom, thanked God as she could never do before, for his written word. Since then she has read that volume again and again, and still it is her constant companion :

“ And all along her pilgrim way,”

the three earthly names most sacredly embalmed in her heart, are those of Hiram Mattison, Bishop Janes, and American Bible Society.*

* Dr. Mattison makes mention of her in his “Immortality of the Soul,” page 211. but falls into an error in placing her conversion at the age of forty. It occurred in childhood. He is also mistaken in saying that she had received her copy of the Psalms previous to the summer of 1841. The writer was an eye witness to its presentation in April 1842.

CHAPTER V.

RETURN TO THE PASTORATE.



HE restoration of Mr. Mattison's health having been largely accomplished; by his travels and labors in New Jersey, he felt prepared at the Conference of 1842, to take an appointment in the regular pastoral work. He was accordingly stationed at Watertown, one of the most important charges in his Conference, and where his works still praise him. Willard Ives, Esq., writing from that place, says, "Brother Mattison spent two years of his ministry in this town, drawing large congregations to listen to his fervid eloquence, as the pure gospel truth fell from his lips." And having spoken of an extensive revival during his first year, he continues: "As a result of this outpouring of the Spirit, nearly one hundred were added to the Church on trial."

His diligence as a pastor, and his dignified urbanity in social life, added to his superior pulpit talents, gave him a commanding influence in the community such as it is the privilege of but few pastors to acquire in two brief years;

and to many who still survive him there, his "name is as ointment poured forth." But his experience during those years was not unlike Paul's when he said, "A great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries." Not only was he subjected to severe censure, and even abuse, from some with whom he felt compelled to differ touching the doctrine of "holiness" and the best means of promoting it; but he was called by a stern sense of duty, to stand up against what he considered the semi-infidel practice then so rife among temperance lecturers and temperance societies, of ignoring "the gospel the Church, and the ministry," in their efforts to promote the total abstinence cause. The "Washingtonian" movement was at that time sweeping over the land with a momentum which seemed likely to bear down all before it. Giving large promise of usefulness to the temperance cause at first, it soon ran into the wildest extravagances; and instead of inviting the countenance and aid of the Church, which alone can insure permanent success to any moral reform, it assumed an attitude of open and active hostility toward her. And this was a true type of the spirit of the times; various organized movements were set on foot for the suppression of special prevailing evils, not only independent of the Church, but in defiance of all her claims. This state of things was deeply deplored by thousands of good and wise men, who saw in it an ill augury for the future of the Church and the country. Among the num-

ber was Mr. Mattison, who, more courageous, perhaps more venturesome, than most others, felt called upon to use both the pulpit and the press, in defining the true position of the Church, and defending her divine claims to supremacy over all merely human organizations.

His sermons bearing upon this subject were pointed and powerful, creating a wide-spread excitement, and provoking no little criticism and opposition. But this only quickened his zeal against the giant wrongs which he encountered. Borne forward by that increasing zeal, he insisted that the Church was a sufficient temperance society, and that all outside organizations were unnecessary, and therefore not to be encouraged.

Very naturally he was branded as an opposer of the temperance cause itself, though the reader need not be told, that both in theory and in practice he was a total abstinence man "of the straitest sect." His views in regard to temperance organizations distinct from the Church, became somewhat modified in later years, though he always held that they should be under Church influence and control. He insisted that everywhore and always, there should be a recognition of the gospel, the Church, and the ministry, as the divinely appointed agencies of human reform and salvation. This doctrine with its adjuncts, so effectively proclaimed from the pulpit, was embodied in his short, pithy, "Tracts for the Times," the first issue

of which was given to the public during his second year at Watertown.

While stationed here, his particular friend, Rev. Squire Chase, returned from his missionary field in Africa to visit the Church at home, and after a few months' leave again for the scene of his missionary labors. Having passed a few days with his family at Lowville, not many miles distant from Watertown, he embraced an early opportunity to grasp the hand of his esteemed brother and former fellow-laborer, Mr. Mattison. One Sabbath morning just after the hour of Church service, a stranger stood at the door of the parsonage in Watertown. Mr. Mattison, whose wife had never seen Mr. Chase, had left a few minutes before for the church. She answered the knock, and saw from the stranger's appearance that he was a minister, but one whom she could not recognize as ever having met before. His name however, had been a household word in the family, and the moment he announced it she felt that he was no longer a stranger, but an acquaintance and a friend for her husband's sake.

Mr. Chase immediately left for the church, where he was received with tokens of the utmost cordiality by the delighted pastor and his congregation. Some years before he himself had been the pastor there, and held a large place in the affections of the people, a fact which gave special interest to his visit among them now as a returned missionary. Their joy at seeing him was increased by

the sermon that followed, in which the tender memories of the past were called up to mingle with the bright realities of the present. Having preached, Mr. Chase returned to the parsonage and dined. His enthusiasm over Africa and its prospective evangelization, was unbounded. All the glowing ardor of the immortal Cox when he exclaimed, "Though a thousand fall, let Africa be redeemed!" belonged to Mr. Chase. Out of the abundance of his heart his mouth spoke. At the dinner table Africa was the engrossing topic of conversation, in which he importuned Mr. Mattison to accompany him on his return to that dark land. Turning to Mrs. Mattison, he asked, "Would you be willing to give him up?" That was a searching question, and one which she was ill prepared to answer. She could only reply, "If he likes Africa better than he does his wife and children, let him go," saying which she burst into tears. Kindly, but earnestly, he said, "Don't you suppose *I* love *my* wife and children as well as your dear husband loves his? But I love the cause of Christ and of perishing Africa more." His ardent hopes, however, of returning and laboring there were suddenly blasted. Not many weeks after this interview, the session of his Annual Conference, (Black River) was held at Syracuse. Mr. Chase being present preached before the Conference on the subject of foreign missions, and exhibited various idols brought by him from Africa. The occasion was one of deep interest, and a

profound impression was made by his earnest appeals in behalf of the heathen.

But his work was done, though only God knew it. A cold contracted at that time, resulted in a fatal illness which carried him speedily to his grave. . . . Soon after the funeral, Mr. Mattison, by special request, preached in his own church to a large and deeply affected congregation, a memorial sermon, which was published in pamphlet form, and had a very extensive sale. He could not have had a more worthy subject; his subject could not have had a more competent biographer.

Mr. Mattison having closed his pastorate at Watertown, was next appointed to Rome, where he labored during the years 1844-5. Here he wielded the same commanding influence both in and out of the pulpit, that he had done in his former charge. His "Tracts for the Times," now grew into a small monthly sheet, which he at first called *The Conservative*, and afterward the *Primitive Christian*, and of which he was both editor and proprietor. Like the tracts, it was plain, pointed, outspoken. It was intolerant of wrong, in the Church or out of it. Yet its spirit was always kind and Christian, like the man whose "image and superscription" it bore. As was quite natural, a divided sentiment sprang up among his brethren touching the propriety of its publication. Not a few of the wisest and best men of the Conference gave it their approval and influence. Among them was the venerable Rev. N.

Salsbury, whom Mr. Mattison used to call his spiritual father and model preacher, and to whom he went frequently for advice. In a note to the author, Father Salsbury says, "I was in favor of the paper, and contributed some articles for it." But others vigorously opposed it, and carried their opposition to the ensuing Conference held at Mexico, where Mr. Mattison's course was subjected to a thorough and not very gentle review, in which Dr. T. E. Bond, then editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, took a prominent part. The excitement was intense; and although the Conference saw fit to discountenance the publication, it could not but admire the noble manliness, pathos, and power of his defense. He agreed to stop the paper at once, on condition of an assurance against pecuniary loss, which condition was promptly met. The paper therefore ceased, but its irrepressible publisher, conscious of having aimed to "do nothing against the truth, but for the truth," could adopt the language of a wiser and greater hero of ancient times: "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed but not in despair; persecuted but not forsaken; cast down but not destroyed." The chapters which follow, will show how fully this apostolic experience was exemplified in his subsequent career.

CHAPTER VI.

FAINT, YET PURSUING.



THE Conference of 1846 found Mr. Mattison once more a broken down man, only in health, however, not in spirits. Nor was it until the year 1852 that we find him again in the pastoral work of the Church. To one who consults only his Conference record, most of these years must seem monotonous, even useless years. But such was not the fact. He could not be idle. To live, with him, was to be busy. Industry was "part and parcel" of his being. In him was exemplified the lines of Ben Jonson:—

"Virtue, though chained to earth, will still live free,
And hell itself must yield to *industry*;"

nor less what another poet has bluntly written :

"*Industrious* wisdom often docs prevent
What lazy folly thinks inevitable:
Big, swelling clouds are by the wind blown o'er,
And threatening clouds may dwindle to a shower."

Foreseeing that he would be compelled to ask for a change of relation at the Conference of 1846, Mr. Matti-

son removed his family, in advance of the session, from Rome to Oswego. Here he was blessed with a comfortable and pleasant home of his own, where for the next five years his family remained without change. To many men in his situation, the handsome farm attached would have offered a strong temptation to devote themselves to agriculture; but his ambition ran in another direction. Not that he despised manual labor, and least of all the primitive occupation of cultivating the soil; but another line of duty better suited to his taste, had been providentially marked out for him.

During his second year at Rome, an Educational Convention was held there, in the exercises of which he had been invited to take a part. That part consisted of a lecture on Astronomy, a favorite study with him, accompanied by rough diagrams prepared with his own hand for the occasion. To say that the lecture was well received would be to express far less than the whole truth; the Convention was delighted with it, and the question passed from mouth to mouth, "Why should not one so familiar with the science, and so well fitted to simplify the study of it, prepare at once a work for this purpose?" These views were made known to Mr. Mattison and left a deep impression upon his mind, which was as seed sown in good ground. Without unnecessary delay, he provided himself with materials and implements for map-drawing, and entered upon his pleasing task. For the first few

weeks Professor Hatch was associated with him, but Mr Mattison preferring to prosecute his work alone, the connection between them was dissolved. The parlor of the parsonage at Rome, was converted into a drawing-hall, where day and night, a busy worker might be seen planning and executing with all the glowing enthusiasm of an amateur. His pastoral duties were still upon his hands and so continued until the sitting of the Conference, when his relation was changed to superannuated. His health was such as unfitted him for effective service in a pastoral charge; but he was unwilling to be idle, and therefore resolved to employ his remaining powers, feeble as they were, in popularizing that sublime science which had come, by unsought influences, to engross so large a share of his attention. Resuming this work after Conference at his own home, he pursued it with unabated diligence till he found it necessary to remove his quarters to New York, in order to be near his publishers, Huntingdon and Savage, and superintend in person the engraving, printing, etc. Accordingly, he engaged a private room convenient to the publishing house, and had it suitably furnished; and here, secluded from the bustling world around him, he toiled on at "his loved employ." For weary but sanguine weeks and months that room was his only home, except as he visited some restaurant near by for his daily meals. Here he slept and worshipped; thought, and sketched, and wrote.

His family residence at Oswego had all the conveniences and comforts of a real home, and in it there were hearts that mourned over his long absence, and sighed for his return; but the execution of his cherished plans, imperatively demanded an exchange of home associations and endearments—and no man appreciated them more than himself—for a hermit's life in a great city. A hurried visit at long intervals to his wife and children, summed up the entire time that he could bestow on any other objects than “suns and systems.” At length the goal was reached, and the grandest single achievement of his life accomplished.

But his interest in the subject did not cease with the publication of his great work. To get it before the public, and give it the widest possible circulation, he travelled near and far, visiting the schools wherever he went, and frequently lecturing on the science, with the aid of his beautiful Maps. Their very novelty, attracted no little attention, while their convenience and utility, in both teaching and learning the science, won for them the favor of all classes. A general demand for their sale ensued, and Mr. Mattison ceasing to travel extensively, found himself sufficiently occupied at home in answering correspondence, and filling orders from various parts of the country.

Was there not a special providence in his preservation, under the constant, excessive drain upon his frail system, in the preparation of the work, and afterward amid the

perils of his extensive travel? One remarkable instance has come to our knowledge, and may here be noted. His wife, on one of his visits home, had arranged to return with him to New York, the day being fixed for their departure. On the previous evening, one of the sons who had been absent on a visit, came home sick, too sick to allow of their leaving at the time determined upon. Her disappointment was hard to bear, but her husband consoled her by saying, "Some good will come of it." And so it proved. The boat they would have taken at Albany for New York, was the ill-fated *Henry Clay*, which was burned on that very trip!

During these years of his superannuation, (he was returned supernumerary in 1847,) he grew steadily in favor with his brethren, who honored him with an election to the General Conference of 1848, by a highly complimentary vote. This honor was repeated four, and also eight years afterward. In 1850-1 he sustained an effective relation, served as the secretary of his Conference, and held the appointment of Professor of Astronomy and Natural Philosophy in Falley Seminary. As Professor, it was required of him to deliver a course of lectures each year on his favorite science, which he did, to the admiration alike of teachers and pupils. As an important aid to his instructions, he procured a large telescope from New York, which was freely used by both himself and the students to their great pleasure and profit. During this professorship, the

Wesleyan University, at its commencement in June 1851, conferred upon him the honorary diploma of Master of Arts, signed by President Olin,—a degree which was worthily received, and honorably borne.

One evening in the spring of 1852, while examining a budget of letters just brought from the post-office, some thirty in number, he found one from Bishop Janes, requesting him to fill the vacant pastorate of John-street Church, New York. It was both a surprise and a joy. His health though still feeble, was somewhat improved, and his soul longed to be again in the work to which years before, the Holy Ghost had called him; yet, owing to the severity of the climate, he had scarcely dared to indulge the hope of being able to resume that work within the bounds of his own Conference. The letter of the Bishop therefore, inviting him to New York, was exceedingly welcome both to himself and his family; and a few weeks later found them snugly fixed in the parsonage of the John-street church. The circumstances which had led to Professor Mattison's appointment there, were deeply afflictive, and may be given in few words:

The lamented Reverend William K. Stopford, a talented and useful member of the New York East Conference, had been appointed, at its late session, as pastor of that Church; but to the deep sorrow of his family, and the expectant congregation, he died before reaching his post of labor. This left a painful vacancy, which perhaps no

man could have better supplied than Professor Mattison.

A single fact during his connection with this Church, may be mentioned as illustrating his tenacious devotion to *work*. Captain Freeman, a generous member of the Church, whose family residence a part of the year was in England, repeatedly urged him to accept a passage in his fine commodious vessel across the ocean, and entertainment at his own home free of all expense to himself; but though Mr. Mattison appreciated the kind offer, and earnestly sought to avail himself of it, yet the time never came when he could yield the claims of work to those of recreation, however much his health demanded it. In this he not unlikely erred.

His pastoral life in New York, dating from the close of his first year in John-street, is thus summed up by Rev. G. L. Taylor: "At the end of that year, on motion of Rev. Heman Bangs, the New York East Conference voted a request for Mr. Mattison's transfer to its ranks, but he declined to leave the Black River Conference, the home of his youth, and the field of his early labors. But by Bishop Waugh's request, his Conference voted him permission to supply John-street another year. At the close of this service, he received urgent invitations to seven Churches in New York and its vicinity, several of them among the best charges. But he declined all these, and finally consented to serve a little colony then just going out from Thirtieth-street Church in the spring of 1854. Under

his efficient management, this 'handful of corn,' grew into Trinity Church, which was built and dedicated in 1855. It is now one of our strongest Metropolitan Churches."

CHAPTER VII.

A MARRIAGE AND A FUNERAL.



LET the reader go back with us to the year 1841, when Mr. Mattison was travelling as Bible Agent in New Jersey. In the preceding chapter we had left him a lonely widower, with four motherless children appealing to him for parental care. While engaged in promoting the Bible cause, was it not "meet and right" that he should look after the interests of his own home, which but a year before had been made suddenly desolate by death? St. Paul says, that "a bishop (or elder) must be . . . the husband of one wife," and afterwards adds, "Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife;" directions which, while they restrain Christian ministers, in common with other men from having more than one wife at a time, plainly authorize second marriages in them as in others. In a quiet town of Morris County, begirt with hills and built on either side of a cheerful stream, Mr. Mattison formed the acquaintance of her who afterward became his wife. She be-

longed to a Methodist family of the olden type. Her uncle and aunt, with whom she made her home, were generous and hospitable, almost to a fault, and were accustomed to give the preachers just such a welcome as always made them feel at home. In addition to themselves and their niece, the household embraced a maiden relative whom every one called "Aunt Barbara." A more happy family can hardly be imagined than this well-to-do family of four. In those days many a young preacher—for Dover was then a single man's appointment—found his boarding-place in this quiet home equal to the very best. The village post-office was kept in the uncle's store, which, from this fact, added to the genial goodness of its proprietor, was made a place of popular resort. There day by day might be found a medium sized man of rather sharp features and somewhat gray, with a forehead and hair reminding one of General Jackson, and a countenance the very picture of kindness and good nature. He lived in a plain substantial way, and enjoyed beyond most men the esteem and confidence of his neighbors. Such was the family in which the strange Bible agent was passing a few days in pursuance of his appointed work. Having found in its youngest member a lady well fitted, as he believed, to supply the place of her whom he had not ceased to mourn, but whom he could never call back, he embraced an early opportunity of avowing his desire to make her his wife. This avowal,

very naturally, was received at first with mingled surprise and doubt. The responsible position into which she would at once be thrust as step-mother to four young children, no less than the fact that he was almost a total stranger, made the question of their marriage one of unusual seriousness and importance. After a prayerful consideration of the subject, however, the consent of all concerned was obtained, and at the appointed time, June 2, 1841, Miss Elizabeth S. Morrison, niece and adopted daughter of David Sanford, Esq., became the happy wife of Mr. Mattison.

Thirteen years have passed, of mingled joy and grief. Meantime, the second of five sweet children added to their household, has found an early grave. His mother returning with him to Rome from a visit to her friends at Dover, stopped in New York at the house of J. B. Edwards, Esq., so long and favorably known in his connection with the Methodist Book Concern, and whose sudden death a few years since, was so widely lamented. Here the babe was taken sick and died. Two days after, the stricken parents saw their little Manning, six months old, buried in the lot of a friend near the city of Troy; and thence pursued their homeward journey saddened by the thought of having left their precious treasure behind them.

This incident is mentioned as preliminary to a more extended account of a later and far sorer bereavement.

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BEST IMAGE

AVAILABLE

were taken. She knew they were being taken to keep after she was gone, and yet she was perfectly calm and pleasant, and when they were taken, she told us who of her friends must have them.

From this time till she became insensible we talked with her more or less about death, and the world to come. She kissed her parents and said, 'Farewell, papa and mama. 'Give my love to Frances, Sarah, and Willie.' (Those were her sisters and brother.) 'Give my love to Grandpa Sanford, and tell Jane' good-by, from me.'

Her uncle coming in, she said, 'Uncle Truman, I hope to meet you in heaven.' Her little brother coming to her bedside, she asked him, if he said his prayers every day. He told her he did. She then said, 'Be a good boy, say your prayers every day, and never tell any stories.'

Her mother said to her, 'Poor Tibby; you are going to leave us are you?'

'O mama,' said she, 'I shall be a great deal better off.'

I showed her her pocket Bible, and said, 'Tibby, here is your dear Bible you love so well.'

'Yes,' said she, 'read some in it, papa.'

I turned to Rev. xxi, 4, and read: 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall

* Jane was a faithful servant girl who had long resided in the family.

Their first-born was a bright little girl, with dark eyes, and auburn hair hanging in ringlets about her face and neck. Her friends usually called her "Tibby," her real name being Lydia Elizabeth.

That one so fair and promising should fall a victim to disease after only twelve brief summers, was but another proof that

. "Death loves a *shining* mark."

The story of her last sickness can best be told by her own father who kept a journal of her sayings, and afterward published it in a Sunday-school volume.* He says :

"The winter before her death Tibby resided in New-York with her parents. While there she had the scarlet fever, which left her quite feeble, and in the spring she was taken to her former home, near Oswego, in hope that it might be beneficial to her health. For a time she seemed to improve; but about the first of July she began to be worse, and continued to decline till the time of her death.

Though only twelve years old, Tibby was a sincere Christian. When she came to die, therefore, she was prepared to go, and died very happy. I will give you an account of her last hours.

When it became evident to her friends that she must die, an artist was obtained, and five daguerrotypes of her

* "The Early Dead," vol. iv, published at the Methodist Book Concern.

were taken. She knew they were being taken to keep after she was gone, and yet she was perfectly calm and pleasant, and when they were taken, she told us who of her friends must have them.

From this time till she became insensible we talked with her more or less about death, and the world to come. She kissed her parents and said, 'Farewell, papa and mama. 'Give my love to Frances, Sarah, and Willie.' (Those were her sisters and brother.) 'Give my love to Grandpa Sanford, and tell Jane' good-by, from me.'

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* Jane was a faithful servant girl who had long resided in the family.

there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.'

She seemed delighted, and immediately asked, 'Where is Frances?' When told that she was in New-York, she said, 'Tell her to read the Bible and *trust in it*. When she is sick *it will ease her pain*. It will help her to *give up*. She will have a great deal of pain, and be almost discouraged, but she must *keep her trust*.'

Her mother said, 'You are very happy, Tibby.'

'Yes,' said she, 'I *am* happy to think I am going to a better world.'

Observing her watching me as I noted down her remarks, I said, 'Tibby, I am taking down what you say, so that I can read it when you are gone.'

'Papa,' said she, 'you must not weep for me, when I am gone.'

I asked why not.

'Because I am going to a better world.'

I said, 'Tibby, you have never seen my Sunday School where I now am,* have you anything to say to the children?' She mildly answered, 'No,' but in a moment added: 'only tell them, when they die to trust in Jesus.'

Observing many weeping, she said:

'Don't cry. I don't feel so willing to die when you

* The writer was at that time pastor of Trinity M. E. Church, New-York.

feel so bad. It seems as if you were afraid it would not be well with me after death.'

She then requested me to sing. I told her I felt too bad to sing; but in a few moments asked her what I should sing. She answered:—

'O sing to me of heaven,
When I am call'd to die.'

We were all deeply affected, but in a short time I began to sing. She at once struck in and sung with wonderful animation, and continued on from verse to verse through the whole hymn.

After a brief pause she said,

'Weep not for me, my friends below,
I'm going home to heaven.'

She still entreated us not to weep, and after sending a message to her Sabbath school, 'to be good, and keep the Sabbath holy, and trust in Jesus,' she exclaimed,

'I'm bound for the land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign.'

Her uncle now spoke to her. She said, 'I know who it is, but I *can't see*.' She wished us to sing the '*Star of Bethlehem*,' and she sung the whole with us, repeating the last verse, commencing,

'It was my light, my guide, my all. &c.'

She several times said, 'Good by,' and 'Farewell,' and sent messages to friends in New-York and elsewhere. Among the rest she said, 'Tell Herschel and Sarah,* where I'm gone. I'm going to heaven.'

* A younger brother and sister.

She continued in this delightful frame of mind, singing and talking of the 'happy land' as long as she could speak; till finally her gentle spirit was released from its earthly sufferings, and entered into rest."

The funeral presented a scene never to be forgotten. The large numbers in attendance; the deep prevailing solemnity; the many moistened eyes and the low suppressed sobs of grief from young and old—these were more eloquent than the most glowing words, in praise of the childish innocence and loveliness of her whose "human face divine" they were then looking upon for the last time. One sad heart was not there; but as the vast procession moved slowly along from the house of Tibby's uncle where she died, to the cemetery where she was so soon to be buried, there was seen sitting in the door of the "old homestead," a manly form, bowed down from recent illness, watching with throbbing grief and tear-dimmed eyes the little coffin "borne by four," in which were held the marble lips that used to pronounce "*Grand pa,*" in accents of peculiar sweetness and affection.

At the grave, the choir of the Church where Tibby in earlier years attended worship and Sabbath-school, sung the favorite hymn which had given her so much comfort in her last hours, "O sing to me of heaven." The wish expressed in the closing verse was now fulfilled:

"Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above."

She did not live for nought. Though dying thus early she had accomplished a sublime mission in her father's behalf. Her clear conversion, her intelligent faith, her joy in sickness, and her triumph in death, fully convinced him of that concerning which he had been skeptical, or at least, like too many others, indifferent, namely, *childhood* conversion, a doctrine in which, ever after, he was a firm believer, and of which he became a zealous and successful advocate.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLOUDY DAYS.



R. MATTISON having been honored for the third time by his Conference with an election as delegate to the General Conference, we find him in May, 1856, an active and influential member of that body. The proposition to make non-slave-holding a condition of membership had long agitated the Church, and the number of those who favored it had been constantly increasing. Not the least among these was Mr. Mattison. As might have been expected, therefore, the General Conference witnessed in him a gigantic opposer of slavery in the Church, and an earnest advocate of the proposed change. Boldly joining hands with the most radical anti-slavery men of the Church, he stood ready to do and dare and suffer for the right. Together they strove for the mastery, but they were not crowned though they strove lawfully; the giant wrong against which they contended had too deeply intrenched itself, if not in the faith, yet in the fears of the Church, north as

well as south. The conservative element in the General Conference prevailed, and the friends of progress retired from the struggle less sanguine, it may be, but more determined than before. That Mr. Mattison was hopeful of receiving honors from that Conference need not here be questioned, and that he returned disappointed was no proof of either an uncommon weakness or a false ambition. He knew full well his competency to fill the position for which his friends had named him, and was strong in the conviction, that the times demanded his services where the official sanction of the highest body known to the Church, would give increased power to his tongue and his pen in contending for the right. Who shall say that either his aspirations or his convictions were unworthy of a great and good man?

He now resumed the pastoral work within the bounds of his own Conference, and was stationed successively at Adams and Syracuse, appointments among the very best in the Conference. In both of them, he was not only popular as a preacher, but successful as a pastor. At the same time he served as assistant editor of the *Northern Independent*, his influence and writings being of great service to the paper, and contributing very much to the success which attended it from the beginning. Whether this may be said to his praise or his censure, depends very much upon each one's standpoint of observation. In general, the publication of independent sheets for the denun-

ciation of specific evils, or the advocacy of proposed changes in the Church, is not to be commended; its tendency is to unsettle and disorganize. If one party resorts to it, another is likely to do the same, and in this way, the recognized official periodicals of the Church may be greatly crippled in circulation and in usefulness. The *Northern Independent* in 1856, was naturally enough followed by *The Methodist* but four years after, the exciting causes of their publication being almost wholly identical, though the interests which they were intended to represent, were widely different.

During the four years spoken of, the anti-slavery element of the Church had gathered sufficient strength to turn the tables in 1856, at least so far as General Conference officers were concerned. The chief editorial chairs were accordingly filled by men representing that element. The offense thus given to the conservatives, soon found expression in the paper referred to, the aim of which was to countervail northern radicalism, and if possible, save the border. Its career, however, as an organ of conservatism was exceedingly brief, the war of 1861 converting it into a sheet as thoroughly radical as its competitors. Meanwhile, the causes which gave birth to the *Northern Independent* still existed; the old rule on Slavery was retained in the Discipline, and no material advance had been made in the legislation of the Church on that subject. In 1859, Mr. Mattison, in addition to his pastoral and editorial

labors, wrote and published his "Impending Crisis," a large pamphlet of extraordinary boldness and power. While not entirely faultless, perhaps, it dealt in the logic of facts with such telling force, that few could gainsay, and none refute. Yet it provoked criticism and condemnation, from not only his known opponents, but from some of his professed friends. During the same year, he corresponded extensively with the Methodists of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and obtained from them the names of some eighty-five thousand petitioners to the General Conference, praying that body to extirpate slavery from the M. E. Church. The forty-five thousand names collected from Central New York for the same purpose, were also largely due to his efforts. All his energies were bent to the achievement of this one result.

Whatever his prolific mind, and powerful voice, and vigorous pen, could do to promote it, was done. That his brethren whose convictions on the main question were like his own, did not always go with him in effort, arose in some cases, simply from the fact that he was in advance of his times, and in others, from jealousy of his leadership. The Rev. W. Hosmer, whose emphatic testimony to his worth we shall have frequent occasion to quote, writes thus of the matter in hand: "He was a host in his own Conference, and no man among all its distinguished men, was ever more popular, or more deservedly so; though like other popular and positive men, he was not without

his enemies. There were always some who suspected him of revolutionary designs, and never ceased from active opposition to whatever he proposed; but he usually carried his measures in defiance of this jealous class. It made no difference what he proposed, or what he did, he was sure to be misunderstood, and viewed with an evil eye by those who should have encouraged him, and whose confidence he always deserved. The fact is, he was above and beyond them, and though not intentionally malignant, they thought it doing God service, to hedge up his way in all things to the best of their ability." This will sufficiently explain his failure of an election to the General Conference of 1860. But "although not a member of this Conference as he had been of the two preceding ones, few men on its floor were more felt than he. His two mammoth petitions from the anti-slavery Methodists of Central New York, and of England, carrying the moral pressure of more than a hundred thousand names, praying for the abolition of slaveholding in the M. E. Church, fell like an avalanche upon the apologists of that long-lived curse among us."* With what deep and throbbing interest, did he watch the proceedings of that august body! But the Conference came and went, without realizing to him his cherished hopes; the old rule was left intact, though the chapter on slavery was essentially modified. . . .

* Rev. G. L. Taylor.

We now approach a painful crisis in his life, painful alike to himself and his friends—his withdrawal from the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was preceded by his removal to New York, a locality which he had proved by several years experience to be far more congenial to his health than the more northern climate of his own Conference. Here, for reasons which will presently appear, he devoted himself to the organization and building up of a Church on an independent basis.* His success in this difficult undertaking was such as few men could achieve, and as none ought to attempt. The chief reasons for this course, and the step which followed, shall be stated by his intimate friend already quoted: "This opposition," (referred to in the previous extract,) kept him in the effective ranks in the Black River Conference at the hazard of his life, when he desired to reside on the seaboard, where alone he could enjoy health. How he struggled for this privilege, and how long it was denied him, will be remembered by some who would gladly recall their acts if it were possible. It was this climatic and physical necessity imposed upon him by the state of his health, that induced the step which he finally took, that of

* Dr. Mattison has we find left on record the following statement; "The hall in which I began the services in the city at the first was hired without my knowledge or consent, and against my sober judgment and decision; but having been leased for three years by some of the best friends I ever had on earth, I was induced, though unwillingly, to comply with their wishes and preach for them. But the idea of founding a sect was not in all my thoughts."

leaving the Church. Other things had their influence, but this was the most commanding. He would have remained in New York as a minister of the M. E. Church, if he had felt that he could do so with the approbation of his own Conference, and without molestation from the Church authorities in the city. His whole soul was occupied with reform, and he saw that there was no alternative but to stand up alone in the strength God had given, doing what was possible with the powers that yet remained, and not allowing either his life to be imperilled or his usefulness to be impaired by his opponents. Hence his withdrawal, in which he sought to be, not less, but more a Methodist."

Between this and Dr. Mattison's own statement of the case, there is an apparent conflict. Writing of the issues on account of which he withdrew he says: "First and most important of all these issues, was that of slave-holding by Church members. In fact, this was the only issue that involved my *conscience*; and but for this I should never have withdrawn from the Church." No doubt this was strictly true; yet it was probably not less true, that the personal considerations stated by Mr. Hosmer, gave a poignancy to his conscientious convictions which forbade his longer continuance in the Church. In the absence of these personal considerations, he might have satisfied his conscience by laboring on *hopefully* as aforesaid; but when by the events described, he saw his last lingering hope of

success blasted,* he felt that only the one course of withdrawing from the Church was left to him. Did he in taking this step act wisely? is a question both natural and proper; but without presuming to answer it directly, we cannot do otherwise than condemn his course as a precedent for others. In saying this, however, we do not, dare not doubt that he acted the part of an honest man; but what he might do in this respect with comparatively small loss, thousands of other men, equally honest, could not do without utter disaster. Those were forcible words spoken by Dr. Wiley at the memorial service of the Newark Conference, held March 22, 1869, when he represented Dr. Mattison as "a giant walking with a giant's tread, and therefore not to be guaged in his movements by those of ordinary men;" and for this very reason, ordinary men have need to beware how they attempt to walk in his footsteps. It was about this time, we believe, that Mr. Mattison received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, from Adrian College, Michigan, a title which he honored not less than he was honored by it.

The erection of the fine "St John's Independent Methodist Church," was a new proof of his energy and skill, while the manner in which he sustained it for several laborious and discouraging years, reflected great credit

* On this point he writes: "So far as I was able to discover, there was no prospect of her purification." And again: "I lost my seat in that General Conference, (1860), and failed of my object, and failing saw no ground of hope for the future."

upon his talents, piety, and zeal. During those years it stood as no uncertain oracle of "sound doctrine" and human rights, giving forth its utterances with unmistakable distinctness and heroic courage. No "new divinity" under whatever guise, no human injustice in whatever form, found "aid and comfort" there, but only discountenance and rebuke. The character of both the church and its pastor, was well understood by the bloody rioters of July, 1863, who denounced and threatened the one as an "abolition church," and savagely declared of the other, "We'll walk through his blood!" Not anticipating such a state of things, he had left the city two weeks before for a brief stay at Booneville, New York, hoping thereby to benefit his enfeebled health.

Had he been at home on those bloody days, the maddened rioters, who ransacked his house in search of him, would not unlikely have executed their threats against his life. But that God who once said, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm," had appointed him to a safe distance from the tide of seething human passions which desolated that hapless city. The period extending from the spring of 1856, to November 1st, 1861, the date of his formal withdrawal from the Church, and thence to the autumn of 1865, may be fitly denominated the cloudy days of his ministerial life. But they were not destined always to last; hence the subject of our next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

RETURNING SUNSHINE.

" Now let us thank the Eternal Power, convinced
That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction,
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days."



WHEN Dr. Mattison severed his connection with the Church of his first love he doubtless intended it to be a life-long separation, but happily, for both himself and the Church, after a voluntary exile of four toilsome years, he returned, to live a little longer and then die, in her fellowship. As he had published his reasons for leaving, so he deemed it fitting to make known, in like manner, his reasons for returning. These were given in two characteristic letters to *The Christian Advocate*. Without reproducing them entire we present an extract from each, as indicating their general style and spirit. In the first he says :

"I labored long and hard to induce the General Conference of 1860, to take decisive action against all Church slaveholding."

But the war came on, slavery died the death, and the Church took in 1864 the action I wished her to take in 1860. Had she taken decisive action then we should now have pointed to it with pride; but she still chose to spare the deadly upas tree, till federal bayonets and artillery, and above all the executive thunderbolt of January 1, 1863, rove it to atoms; and now, whether of free will or of irresistible grace, the M. E. Church is both by law and practice an *anti-slavery* or, if you please, an "*abolition*" Church. And inasmuch as she has at length freed herself, or been freed by Providence, from the very elements which, more than all else, drove me from her pale, if my chief complaint was, as I professed, that she kept slaveholders in her communion, and such are now forever excluded, why should I not return?"

This portion of Dr. Mattison's first letter called forth a very frank comment from Dr. Curry, the editor, questioning the consistency of his course in leaving the Church, but giving him a warm welcome back. The closing portion of the second letter contains a passage of great tenderness and beauty:

"Such are my reasons for returning to the home of my early choice. I have traveled her circuits, circulated her literature, helped to build and dedicate her churches, defended her doctrines and economy, and shared her reproaches and triumphs; and I love her as I can never love any other Church. And though the vigor of early

manhood with me is gone, and I may be of little use to the M. E. Church, she can be of great use to me, and I wish to die within her bosom. I thought I was doing right when I withdrew, and I am as conscientious now in returning; and I trust God in his mercy will forgive whatever he sees to have been wrong in the past, or to be wrong in my present motives or actions."

Some of the preliminaries to his return may be of interest to the reader. The following letter will show the workings of his mind upon the subject and the conclusion to which he had been led:

NEW YORK, August 9th, 1865.

Rev. N. Farrant,

DEAR BROTHER:

At the suggestion of a member of the New York Conference, I write you as an old friend, to say, that it is my purpose to return to the M. E. Church as soon as it can be brought about. I have a letter of cordial welcome from Bishop Simpson, and Drs. Whedon, Curry, Stevens, Crooks, and indeed all the New York East brethren seem equally cordial. I *hope* to bring my people and church edifice with me, but of this there is much doubt, as some dislike my leaving, and talk of getting another preacher, and going on as an independent Methodist Church still.

I am settled here till May 1st, if I am disposed to stay; but as I have determined to leave and go back to the

old Church, the sooner I can do so the better I think it will be for me. I write therefore to inform you of my purpose, and to say that should you have a feasible opening on your District, I would probably enter it till May 1st, or thereabouts.

In such an event I would unite with some local Church, I think, (and especially, if necessary to do so,) be recognized as a Local Preacher, and be put regularly in charge.

Your Friend and Fellow-Laborer.

H. MATTISON.

About this time the Rev. S. Y. Monroe pastor of Trinity Church, Jersey City, was elected secretary of the Church Extension Society, then recently organized, and was expected to enter upon his work as soon as practicable. The officers of the church having been informed of Dr. Mattison's intentions proceeded at once to confer with him in reference to the vacant pastorate, and invited him, subject to the approval of the church authorities, to fill it. The Presiding Elder being engaged on a remote part of the District, the following communication was addressed to him by David Taylor Esq., one of the chief laymen of the Church:

JERSEY CITY, Aug. 24, '65.

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER:

Trinity M. E. Church has by a unanimous vote chosen Mr. Mattison, of New York, to fill our pulpit

till spring. We have talked with Bishop Janes, and he leaves it with the Presiding Elder.
Mr. Monroe and family are gone and we are without a preacher. We are anxious to see or hear from you. Please let us see you here or hear from you at your earliest convenience. Written on behalf of the committee.

Yours in the bonds of Christian love,

DAVID TAYLOR.

Having responded in person to this request, we afterward sought an interview with Bishop Janes, but failing to see him opened a correspondence with Dr. Mattison, stating the Disciplinary conditions on which he could be admitted among us, and designating the Quarterly Conferences soon to be held, before one of which his case might be brought. The time fixed upon came, and after a thoughtful consideration of the subject he was admitted and recognized as a local preacher, by the Palisades Quarterly Conference, Jersey City District, in August, 1865. We all felt that in the man who sat before us and whom we frankly examined as required by the Discipline, there was a beautiful union of greatness and humility, the courage and strength of the lion blending with the gentleness and simplicity of the lamb. And now after the lapse of years as our thoughts turn back to that occasion, a peculiar interest of mingled melancholy and joy gathers around it, as we remember the touching coinci-

dence that Dr. Mattison's welcome back to his old *Church-home*, took place when he was on his way to the old *family* homestead to visit his aged venerable mother in her last sickness. That mother had long and anxiously sighed for the return of her first-born. "I do not wish" said she, "to lay my gray head in the grave until Hiram comes back to the old Church." That wish awakened a tender echo in the heart of the son, and now almost in the same act, he throws himself into the arms of the Church and hastens to whisper the intelligence to that dear mother whose dying blessing seems waiting his return.

Dr. Mattison being thus placed in our hands was at once employed as pastor of the Trinity Church. His reception by the people was sincere and cordial. Within a few months they had been bereft of two beloved pastors, Drs. Wiley and Monroe, by their appointment to other fields of labor. To part with them after but little more than a year's service from each, was felt to be a sore affliction, and they considered themselves especially favored in securing one so able as Dr. Mattison to occupy the place which had been filled by them with so much distinction.

The new pastor was even more happy if possible, than the people. He had left very dear friends behind him, but this loss was more than compensated by the warm greetings which everywhere met him in his new home. Rather we ought to say his *old* home, for such he felt it to

be, not indeed as to locality and persons, but emphatically so as to ecclesiastical relations.

His whole expression and bearing were those of one who had just been welcomed to the family hearth after a long absence. The clouds had given place to sunshine which seemed all the more effulgent because of the vapors that had dimmed it. Indeed, as the old poet, quoted at the head of this chapter, had written a hundred years before, those very clouds "served but to brighten all his future days." The joy of his restored fellowship continued without abatement or interruption till the earthly brightness was lost in the "eternal sunshine" of heaven.

"Will he be received by the Annual Conference?" was a question often proposed and discussed during his first six months' pastorate at Trinity Church. As yet he was but a local preacher employed by the Presiding Elder to fill a vacancy. The Annual Conference alone could fully restore him to the position he occupied before his withdrawal. How will that body be disposed toward him? That some should criticise and object, was not to be wondered at; that some should even censure those who had encouraged his return was perhaps to be looked for. Of course the writer, in view of his direct official connection with the case, came in for a full share of such censure. Having on one occasion stated all the facts to a member of the Conference we concluded by asking: "What would *you* have done under such circumstances?"

“I would have had nothing to do with it—would not have *touched* it,” was the half pettish reply. In less than eighteen months that man had fallen into crime, and withdrew from the Church in disgrace. But there were members of the Conference as pure and good as the best of their brethren, who did not see their way clear to vote for his admission. As the time for the annual session approached this feeling gradually yielded to the *eclat*—for it amounted to that—with which Dr. Mattison was almost everywhere received by both the ministry and the laity; yet down to the very hour when the Conference was called upon to take action, there were remains of honest apposition, not to the man himself, but to his admission into the Conference. “Are you young men going to vote for Dr. Mattison,” was the earnest inquiry of one of the older ministers to a younger member of the body. “Of course we are,” was the frank reply, and a colloquy of some length ensued in which the venerable catechist sought to convince the young man that both his own interest and strict justice to the candidate demanded a negative vote. Bishop Baker, the President of the Conference, had decided that Dr. Mattison could be admitted only on trial and not into full connection. A year later he would have decided otherwise, his colleagues and himself agreeing within the year that in all such cases the candidate might be restored at once to the full honors of the Conference. The question of Dr. Mattison’s

admission was disposed of in the following manner: the recommendation of the Quarterly Conference having been read, his Presiding Elder, after representing him according to custom, offered a motion that as the case was a peculiar one the candidate be allowed to make a brief statement in person to the Conference. We knew that this motive if once adopted would make the final result no longer doubtful. Of course it called out debate, it being urged by the opposition that such a proceeding was wholly without precedent, and that no candidate could justly claim it. To this it was a sufficient reply, that the motion was not made at Dr. Mattison's instance; that he had spent the best years of his ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church; that both his age, and his position in the literary and Christian world, appealed to us to grant the privilege asked for; and finally that it was not claimed as a right, but requested as a courtesy. The question was put and the motion prevailed by an almost unanimous vote. Dr. Mattison, who had been absent during the brief discussion, came forward, and with that modest freedom and self-reliance which so peculiarly distinguished him, addressed his brethren. His words were few and well chosen, yet manifestly unstudied and spontaneous. There was in them a transparent frankness that disarmed all opposition; a touching pathos that moved all hearts; and an unaffected manliness that challenged the respect of young and old alike.

The question was settled while yet the words were dropping from his lips; and when he retired, the impatient Conference with a hundred upraised hands bade him welcome, thrice welcome, to its ranks.

An incident connected with the recognition of his orders may not be unworthy of notice. He had left his ordination parchments at home, and although the Conference was fully satisfied of his having been ordained according to the usage of the Church, yet no direct evidence of the fact, documentary or otherwise, seemed to be at hand. The venerable Dr. George Peck of the Wyoming Conference, whose visits among us are always welcome, sat in the altar, and, observing the momentary embarrassment, arose and stated that he was an eye-witness to his ordination as an elder, and, if we remember rightly assisted in the laying on of hands, giving the time and place, with the name of the Bishop who led the service.

The ordination of elders on the Sabbath was rendered doubly interesting by the tall figure of Dr. Mattison among the candidates, the law of the Church requiring a renewal of his ordination vows without the re-imposition of hands. In clear distinct tones he took upon him again the vows of his holy office, and then kneeling as he had knelt twenty-six years before, remained in meditation and and silent prayer, while the hands of the Bishop and senior elders were laid upon these on either side of him. Referring to this occasion afterward, he said, "I felt it to

be a privilege to renew my ordination vows; I believe it will do me good."

One year from that time, all restriction having meanwhile been taken from his and all similar cases, he was received into full connection, and stood once more where he had stood previous to November 1, 1861, enjoying all the rights and privileges of his Annual Conference. But he was now a wiser and a happier man, more loyal to the Church in all her existing institutions, fully satisfied with independency as a failure, and enjoying, without envy or prejudice, the full confidence and affection of his brethren. Under the circumstances he felt all that the Psalmist had expressed for him centuries before, "*My cup runneth over!*"

A statement from the pen of Rev. Henry J. Hayter, in which he relates a conversation between himself and Dr. Mattison about two years before his return to the M. E. Church, correctly indicates the spirit in which he finally came back. Mr. Hayter says: "To my surprise I found in him no spirit of complaint against the Church. He rejoiced that she had acted so nobly on the slavery question. I invited him to attend our Conference then in session, but other engagements prevented him. With the sweet open-heartedness so characteristic of Dr. Mattison, he assured me that it would afford him great pleasure to visit our session; that there was no class of men so dear to him, and whom he so greatly loved as Methodist min-

isters; and that with them he wished to live and to die.' With such a spirit it is not to be wondered at that his reception back was so warm and unanimous."

As the reader has seen from one of his letters, Dr. Mattison had ardently hoped to bring with him on his return, the Church and congregation of which he was pastor, but though this hope was not realized at that time nor subsequently during his life, the end of it was not long delayed after his death. On Sunday, May 16, 1869, St. John's Independent Methodist Church was opened with appropriate services as St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal Church. How happy would he have been to witness that consummation so devoutly wished for! Could he have been present and shared in the services, his heart must have bounded with a higher and a purer joy than any one of all the deeply interested ministers and laymen in attendance. That would have expanded the measure of his already overflowing "cup."

CHAPTER X.

A FIERCE BATTLE WELL FOUGHT.



ULLY returned to the M. E. Church, and fully restored to the confidence of its officary; enjoying also his usual health, and occupying an important station, one would naturally have supposed, that Dr. Mattison would glide on in the ordinary routine of Conference labor to the close of life.* But Providence had another path marked out for him. For years he had looked with painful interest upon the progress of Romanism in this country, and in common with other Protestant ministers, had exerted himself to countervail its operations.

But during his pastorate in Jersey City, circumstances gathered around him which greatly intensified his feelings upon this subject. We give his own account as published in *Zion's Herald* May 15th, 1867 :

“ About three months since three Roman Catholic priests ‘Missionaries of the Society of Jesus,’ that is Jesuits,

* Rev. W. Hosmer.

went forth from their 'Church of the Holy Family,' Chicago, to preach missions, as they call them in various cities. One Father Smarius was the chief speaker, and the other two attended the confessionals, sold pictures, madonnas, rosaries, etc. Among the places visited, they went to Jersey City, N. J., and opened their mission in the Great St Peter's Church, recently dedicated. Here Father Smarius announced a course of nine lectures on the points of difference between Catholics and Protestants. The latter were especially invited, the best pews in the house reserved for them, and quite a number of them attended. The lectures were able, and well calculated to conceal the real character and doctrines of the Romish Church.

As results of the 'mission,' the priests sold at least a full cart load of pictures of the Virgin, crucifixes, rosaries, breviaries, etc.; all of which articles publicly received the Pope's blessing upon a certain day. Over two thousand dollars were realized in various collections, and by a benefit lecture; a large number of books containing the nine lectures in print, were sold, and fifteen 'Protestants,' so called, were baptized, and the great 'change of faith' duly sent abroad through the newspapers."

How little aware were these over-zealous apostles of Romanism, that there was "standing one among them," who, like Paul, had been "set for the defense of the

Gospel," a very veteran in warfare against ungodliness and error. Presently they shall hear from him in tones the widening waves of which shall reach even the Vatican. He writes :

"All this while, we were watching all that was transpiring and when the announcement went forth that 'fifteen Protestants had been baptized,' as a result of Father Smarius' lectures, we investigated the matter, and sent forth after the announcement, the statement, that not one of the fifteen was, when the lectures began, or ever had been, a Protestant of any denomination. So the 'fifteen Protestants,' vanished.

The next thing of interest was the conversion of two young Catholics, fifteen and seventeen, who had been attending our meetings, and their public baptism, by consent and in the presence of their parents in the Methodist church—two clear and happy conversions.

As yet 'all was quiet along the Potomac;' we then procured a copy of the printed lectures, and announced that we would deliver a lecture the next Sabbath evening, upon the subject of Transubstantiation, in review of the seventh lecture of Father Smarius, recently delivered in St Peter's Church. In the printed notices in the dailies, it was asked :

'Can a Roman Catholic priest change bread into flesh, and wine into blood, by the reciting of a Latin prayer?' 'Do Romanists really eat the flesh, and drink the blood of the Son of God?' All good Catholics who would like to

hear these questions answered by a Protestant, in a candid and charitable spirit, are invited to attend. Admission free, and a cordial welcome to all till the house is filled.

The night proved dark and rainy: but to our utter surprise, when we reached the Church it was nearly filled. Recognizing all the truths held by Romanists; commending their devotion to their own church services, and their liberality in giving for religious purposes; and telling them that we belonged to, and were a priest of the old Catholic Church to which the apostles belonged, and that we were only opposed to the errors that had been fastened upon their Church; and using, meanwhile, the Douay version of the Bible; and so informing them, and speaking of the Romanists as our 'Catholic brethren,' we proceeded to refute the arguments of Father Smarius, and show the utter absurdity of the doctrine under consideration. And as a suitable test of the faith of the priests themselves, we proposed, in conclusion, that some bread and wine be poisoned, and then, if Archbishop McCloskey could so change the whole by a Latin prayer, that he would dare to eat the flesh, so called, and drink the blood, after they were made such by his prayer, we promised to go over to the Catholic faith; and if the priests had not faith enough in their transubstantiating power to take the elements under these circumstances, then the Catholics should agree to abandon the dogma forever.

The audience was supposed to contain about four hun-

dred of the most intelligent Catholics in the city—the Americanized class; and they listened with marked attention for near an hour and a half.

Next Sabbath evening, a lecture was given upon Peter, as the rock upon which the Church is built:

‘Is St. Peter the Rock upon which the Church of Christ rests? Has the Pope now in his possession the ‘keys of the kingdom of heaven,’ originally given to Peter?’ etc.

The house was again filled, the number of Catholics being about the same, and the attention excellent. Such had been the disappointment of many who had not been able to hear the first lecture on account of the rain, that it was deemed best to revise and re-deliver it. It was announced accordingly. The church was uncomfortably packed, and just as the text was announced, crash came a stone through one of the rear side windows, opposite the pulpit. Of course nervous ladies started, and two or three went out. A few sentences were uttered, and another crash was heard, still louder than the first and breaking two more panes of glass. By this time some of the trustees had got outside, and heard the rioters run up the alley between the old St. Peter’s Church, and the house formerly occupied, if not now, by the Sisters of Mercy. No further disturbance occurring the lecturer proceeded; and the next day being the day for the charter election, and the Democrats having nominated a noted Catholic for Mayor, and the Republicans a Protestant, and the

news of the window-smashing going over the city, the Protestants consolidated and elected a Protestant mayor, by eighty-four majority—the first for years!

Two other lectures have since been delivered, one upon priestly absolution and the confessional, and the other upon the worship of the Virgin Mary. The house has been crowded, and the attendance and interest of the Catholics unabated; and no further disturbance has occurred.

The fourth lecture was announced in the city papers as follows:

‘FATHER SMARIUS’ FIFTH LECTURE.—Can Roman Catholic priests forgive sins? Are their pardons of any avail to the guilty sinner? Rev. Dr. Mattison will answer these questions in his church in York Street, to-morrow evening, at 7 1-2 o’clock. All good Catholics who desire to know the truth, and obtain a genuine and saving absolution, are invited to attend. Seats free for visitors and strangers till the house is filled.’

The house was again packed, and after a fair statement of the doctrine of priestly absolution, it was shown that such an assumption was not once mentioned in all the acts and epistles of ‘the old Catholic priests’—the apostles of Christ—that they uniformly pointed to Christ as the source of all effectual pardon of sin,—that the priests had no more right to issue pardons than they had to issue seven-thirty government bonds, and that with only this

'confederate currency' it was no wonder that Catholics were detained in purgatory, instead of going through to heaven. They were then plainly told that not one sin of all their past lives, which the priests had pretended to remit, was really forgiven by God; that he could not and would not recognize any such interference with his divine prerogatives; and that all their past sins were unforgiven to this hour. The invitations and promises of Christ were then set before them, and they were warmly exhorted to go home, fall upon their knees, confess their wrong in seeking mercy at the hands of a mere fallible mortal, and to pray the all-merciful Saviour to pity and have mercy upon them. A more attentive audience is seldom to be found.

The next lecture was thus advertised :

'Rev. Dr. Mattison will preach to-morrow evening upon the worship of the Virgin Mary, in review of the eighth lecture of Father Smarius. 'Is it right to pray to the Virgin Mary? Can she hear us, or do anything for us?' All good Catholics who would like to hear these questions answered from the Catholic Bible are especially invited to attend. Not the slightest danger of disturbance. Admission free, and a cordial welcome to visitors and strangers.'

The crowd this evening amounted to a perfect jam. Every available foot of space, and every loose bench and camp-stool occupied, and scores stood in the aisles.

It was shown that Romanists really worship the Virgin Mary, and they pray to her, adore her, kneel before her image, and trust in her for pardon, purity and salvation. In short, that she is the goddess of the Catholic Church, being prayed to, adored, and trusted in far more than Jesus Christ and God the Father. It was then shown from the Douay Bible that all such worship was offensive to God, that it was worshiping and serving the creature more than the Creator—a thing which ‘Father Paul, an old Catholic priest,’ condemned in the heathen—that Mary, being a mere finite woman, who could not even raise her own body from the power of death, but was obliged to leave it in the grave till the day of judgment, could do nothing for them, even if she heard them; and that she could no more hear or know of their prayers than if she was still on earth, or than Queen Victoria could if they should all go praying to her. Again were they urged to abandon the worship of a woman, even though she were the mother of the human body of Christ, and to turn to the living God; who alone can hear prayer, forgive sin, and save the souls of men.”

These skirmishes with the enemy led to the preparation of three additional lectures upon “*The Decline of Romanism*,” in which it was shown: (1) That the Douay Bible predicts the final decline and fall of the Roman Catholic Church. (2) That it is now rapidly declining in nearly every foreign land, and (3) That its growth in the United

States—the last hope of the Papacy—is vastly exaggerated, and less rapid than that of Protestantism; so that on the whole it is rapidly declining from Rome and Austria, its heart and lungs, to its extremities in Ireland, and Spain and Canada, and Mexico, and in other lands.

The substance of these lectures was afterward prepared for the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, and appeared in the issues of July and October 1868. They abounded in facts and statistics which few men besides Dr. Mattison could have commanded the time or patience to collect under the circumstances; for while doing this he was attending to the regular duties of his pastorate, besides corresponding with Sunday periodicals, delivering lectures abroad, dedicating churches, etc.

An impression had long existed and was rapidly gaining strength that a more direct and systematic effort ought to be made by the Protestant Churches, and especially by our own, to checkmate the movements of Romanism among us. As by a common impulse, the thoughts of the Church turned toward Dr. Mattison as “the coming man” to organize and direct the campaign. How he came to devote himself to this work in the manner he did, was told, in part, by Dr. Scudder, Secretary of the American and Foreign Christian Union, on the occasion of his funeral. In giving the second address he said, “I loved this brother. Let me tell you a little of our personal intercourse, for I think

it was strange. God deals wonderfully in this world in bringing men together, and associating them in a work such as has been described. Two years ago, a tall, thin, spare man bearing the marks of disease, of pain, and of sorrow upon his face, came into my office and sat down in a chair. Very soon he spoke of the work in which I was engaged, and then went on, without any suggestion from me, to speak of that work in relation to the Church of God in America, and for half an hour I sat wrapt in attention. I said: 'My brother, I know not who you are, but, as you understand this question as few of us understand it, you ought to dedicate your life, what remains of it, to God in this work.' Whether this was the occasion that led Dr. Mattison to connect himself with that work or not, I may not say, but sufficient it is to observe, that very soon he offered his services to us, and they were accepted."

Before taking this step however, he carefully weighed the subject, and freely consulted the Bishops and other leading minds of the Church, among them Drs. Curry, McClintock, Whedon, Carlton, Porter, Wise, and Crooks; not to name others. Being thereby confirmed in the belief, that Providence called him to this particular work in some form, and the American and Foreign Christian Union being already organized and in operation as an anti-Roman Catholic society, he reached the conclusion that duty pointed to his early connection with that society;

and accordingly with the opening spring of 1868, he was duly enrolled as one of its District Secretaries. This arrangement was heartily endorsed by the Newark Conference, held soon after, and Bishop Clark appointed him officially to his new sphere of labor. The other Conferences in turn took favorable action, and everywhere the Church seemed more than satisfied with the arrangement. All felt, what was eminently true, that few men in the nation, if any, were so well fitted to this work as Dr. Mattison. Said Dr. Glentworth Butler, senior Secretary of the Union: "No man who was ever associated with me, in the labors of this Society, had so completely entered into my own views of the vastness of its aims, and the methods of its operations."* He even went beyond himself. All the fire and energy of youth returned. He was emphatically a man of one work. How much he accomplished eternity alone will fully reveal; but enough is known to stamp his achievements as truly marvelous. During the few months of his connection with the Christian Union, he prepared eight heavy pamphlets against Romanism, every one of them a telling bolt, and all this while, he was preaching, addressing Conferences, and lecturing almost incessantly. One of his friends declares, that in this brief time, "he had thought as much, and done as much, as most men would have thought and done in an ordinary life-time."

* Memorial Sermon of Rev. G. L. Taylor.

Was it surprising that such a man should be looked upon by the Papacy with mingled dread and hatred?

The keen weapons of facts and figures which he wielded against it, were far more damaging than sword and cannon. Knowing and feeling this, the Romanists spared no pains to asperse his good name and silence his powerful voice; but challenges and slanders, affected contempt and threats, were alike unavailing. We give the following letter from Chicago, to one of the Jersey City papers, as furnishing an illustration of Dr. Mattison's handsome mode of dealing with all such opponents as the one therein described:

"An Amusing Narrative—A Discussion Almost.

CHICAGO, June 3d, 1868.

EDITOR OF THE EVENING JOURNAL:

During the recent session of the Methodist General Conference, in this city, Father Hecker of New York, delivered a public lecture in the Opera House, entitled, 'A Search After Rational Christianity: or, How I Became a Catholic.' In this lecture, Mr. Hecker took occasion to caricature Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, and Unitarians, by name, as denominations. Dr. Mattison, of your city, being present, as one of his hearers, took full notes of the lecture, and a few evenings afterward, replied to it, before a crowded audience, in the Clark St. M. E. Church, nearly opposite the Opera House, and where the Conference held its session. Such was the

interest awakened, that a second meeting was held, upon the Character and Tendencies of Romanism, at which Bishop Scott presided, and addresses were made by Rev. B. I. Ives of Auburn, N. Y., Rev. Dr. Butler, of Boston, and Rev. Dr. Mattison. Soon after this second meeting, a letter appeared in the *Chicago Times*—a low and vile paper that was suppressed during the late rebellion, for its treason—challenging Bishop Scott or ‘any gentleman, lay or cleric,’ to meet the challenger in a public discussion. The first and main question proposed, being ‘Is Roman Catholicism a saving Christianity?’ This letter was signed, ‘Rev. J. McMullen, D. D.,’ a Roman Catholic priest, and a professor in one of the colleges here.

To this letter Dr. Mattison replied, that it was impossible for Bishop Scott to give any attention to the subject, but specifically accepted the challenge himself, saying, ‘under a fair and honorable arrangement, I will discuss the general issues with you.’ He then offered, as soon as practicable to publicly maintain the affirmative of the question, ‘Is Romanism a corrupt form of Christianity?’ Mr. McMullen to defend his faith by maintaining the negative.

The next day, Dr. McMullen appeared in a second letter, ignoring the question he had previously proposed, and which had been definitely accepted, and proposing a new one namely, that ‘Methodism is a corrupt form of Christianity,’ etc. He then virtually retired from the discussion by saying, ‘My parting remarks to the Metho-

dists—Gentlemen, I am done with you for a season, perhaps forever. Whatever you may do or say hereafter, will never engage my thought, or move my pen.’ Upon seeing this, Dr. Mattison at once replied that ‘one war at a time,’ was a good maxim, and at a proper time, he should not be wanting in defending ‘Methodism;’ but at present, the question was not, as to the character and influence of ‘Methodism,’ but ‘Is Romanism a corrupt form of Christianity?’ and insisted that Dr. McMullen should stick to his own question, and not exchange it for a new one. Dr. Mattison further stated, that he must return to Jersey City in a day or two, but if Dr. McMullen would stand up to his challenge and question, he would return to Chicago within two weeks, and hold the proposed discussion.

Although Dr. McMullen had specifically withdrawn from the field by saying, ‘Whatever you may do or say hereafter will never engage my thought, or move my pen,’ there was one sentence, at the close of Dr. Mattison’s letter, that had power to do both, and that was the post-script, in which he stated that he must return to Jersey City on Tuesday last. Accordingly, Dr. McMullen appeared again in the *Times* of that morning, saying: ‘Some person, known to be gentlemanly and learned, must meet me at the platform of the first hall or rink that can be procured for the purpose, in this city, ‘within three days,’ or I shall consider my proposal not accepted!’

Seeing this in the morning papers, as he was to leave at 5:15 p. m., Dr. Mattison dispatched a note to Dr. McMullen's address, and also to the evening papers, saying, 'Much as it will incommode me, I will meet you within three days, in any place you may choose in the city,' but added that unless he was assured by a note sent to the Conference building before four o'clock that day, that Dr. McMullen would stand by his last offer, he should take the train at 5:15 for Jersey City. Dr. M. remained till five o'clock, and no note appearing, took the cars for home and left Rev. J. McMullen, D.D., 'alone in his glory.' Such, in brief, is the history of the bold assault and quiet retreat of Rev. Dr. McMullen, Roman Catholic champion of this city."

Not long after this an anonymous challenge of similar character appeared in the *Evening Journal*, Jersey City, and was promptly accepted by Dr. Mattison in a note over his own proper signature; but the anonymous boaster, after sundry equivocations, found it convenient to let the Doctor alone, and so backed out of his overhasty challenge.

By this time the Romanists had learned that Dr. Mattison was a rather difficult opponent to deal with. The "troubling of Israel" by Elijah in Ahab's day was being re-enacted, the impious king having a true successor in Pope Pius IX; the corrupt Jewish Church being a fit type of the equally corrupt papacy; and the stern-

prophet of Tishbeh having a worthy antitype in our heroic subject. But if he had been a troubler of the Romish Israel hitherto, he was destined to become doubly such, by a bolder reproof of its wrongs and a more thorough exposure of its reeking pollutions. The occasion for this was soon furnished in the case of Mary Ann Smith. That the reader may have an intelligent understanding of this case we present the following brief history.

Mary Ann Smith, daughter of an Irishman, James Smith, of Newark, who had been brought up in the communion of the Roman Catholic Church, in January, 1868 renounced Romanism; and, professing conversion, was received as a class-member of a Methodist Church in Newark. There is no particle of evidence showing that any undue influence was used on her to produce the change in her views, or, in fact any influence at all, other than the ordinary preaching of the gospel at a series of revival meetings. Her renunciation of Romanism was public, and was known to her father and other Roman Catholic relatives. Her mother had died five years ago, and since that time her father had made no provision for Mary Ann's support, though he had the grace not to claim the wages which she earned while at service. She continued in her place as a servant in the family of a gentleman in Newark, and regularly attended the Methodist Church with which she had connected herself; in all

respects conducting herself, as numbers of respectable witnesses testify, in the most exemplary manner, and bearing the reputation of a virtuous, discreet, industrious girl. Suddenly Mary Ann Smith disappeared. She went out one day in March last, and never returned to the house of her employer. For many weeks, no trace of her whereabouts could be discovered. Finally, the following facts transpired—That she had been decoyed by lying messages, sent to her by some of her Roman Catholic relatives, telling her that some relatives were sick, which was wholly false, into the house of her aunt; that there she was met by a Roman Catholic priest, Father Doane, and by her father, who importuned her to enter the House of the Good Shepherd, in New York; she refused, but, finally, under a solemn pledge that if she would go and see the institution, and did not wish to enter it or to remain, she should be free to come away, she did go thither; that the moment she was inside the gates, the key was turned and permission to leave was denied her; that in the House of the Good Shepherd she was classed and compelled to daily and nightly associate with prostitutes, thieves, and convicts, from Blackwell's Island, in fact, with the worst female characters; was fed on poor food, compelled to work twelve hours a day, and was treated in all respects as a prisoner.

Such were the facts when Dr. Mattison's attention was

called to the case by Rev. Jesse S. Gilbert, her pastor. He had already instituted legal proceedings for her liberation, and waiting on Dr. Mattison, sought his advice and aid in the management of the suit. What followed has been made familiar to the public by his thrilling volume entitled, "The abduction of Mary Ann Smith by the Roman Catholics," etc., a copy of which ought to be in every Protestant family in the land. Additional incidents have been furnished us by Rev. J. S. Gilbert, whose reminiscences we are sure will deeply interest the reader. He writes :

"My first acquaintance with the late Dr. Mattison, was on the 18th of June 1868. I called to see him on a matter well adapted to bring out his peculiar traits of character. A young girl, a member of my Church, had been abducted and confined in a Convent in N. Y. city, for leaving the faith of Rome. I related the facts to him, and in a moment, he was all on fire. 'Brother,' said he, 'if you were in a protracted meeting, and were having souls converted every night, you would not be working more directly for God, than in hunting down *these deceivers.*' He at once left all his other duties, and we went over to see the counsel I had employed to carry on the suit of habeas corpus. The next day, Friday, the case came up before Judge Ingraham. Mattison was there, also Doane, and all the interested parties. Mattison complained that so little notice had been taken of the case by the press, and called

at the various offices, securing the attendance of the reporters. He gathered up all the facts, and made them blaze over all the land.

Papers, religious and secular, English and German, papers in the East, West, North, and South, spread the case before their readers, but Dr. Mattison was at the bottom of all the agitation. He well knew the priceless value of the press. The trial ran on for some weeks, but I do not think that Dr. Mattison was once absent from the court room when the case came up. The Dr. could not bear with lukewarmness in others when his own soul was on fire, and did not think our lawyers did enough. Neither was he pleased with the silence of the ——, and in his book, when speaking of the outspoken tone of the press, mentions 'one exception.' He knew men did not love to hear the truth concerning Romanism, but it mattered not to him. He reminded me of the Old Testament prophets. The furnace might be heated seven times hotter than usual, but the message must be delivered. He once said to me in his study, 'I thank God for all I have suffered in the cause of freedom. I have been persecuted and shunned because of my anti-slavery principles, but I thank God for it all.' The case was decided against us; Mattison bade the weeping girl farewell, exhorted her to trust in God, promised to do all he could for her release, and sadly we left the place of our defeat. As we were leaving the court-yard, the Catholic lawyer came along.

'Why,' said Mattison, 'did you in court, call *Egbert* and *Ellis* Methodists? They were no more Methodists than they were Roman Catholics.' Said the lawyer, 'I never answer outside, for what I say in argument in Court.' M. replied, 'When a *pert little* lawyer slanders a great religious denomination, he ought to answer for it somewhere.' The 'pert little lawyer' left, evidently thinking that Dr. Mattison belonged to the *church militant*. 'Never mind,' said the Dr., as we walked along, 'I think for such times as these was it written, 'Fret not thyself because of evil doers.' The case had been decided against us, but Dr. Mattison did not despair. He set about the preparation of his book, collected funds to carry on an appeal, and kept the matter constantly before the people. Several letters that I received from him when he was preparing the book, I send to you in a separate envelope. My Church gave me the month of August for a vacation, but Dr. Mattison soon called me back. The note I then received from him I have marked, 'call from vacation.' We thought we could then have the case re-opened, but failed. However, that was the end of my vacation. *There was no rest when working with Dr. Mattison.* On the 19th of August, a letter was published in the Newark Daily, claiming to come from Mary Ann Smith, stating that she had once more found peace in the true faith, and wished her Protestant friends to stay all further proceedings. On the 22nd, Dr. Mattison wrote his celebrated challenge to Doane. On the

24th, Doane replied, refusing to investigate the matter with Dr. Mattison and myself, on the ground of self respect. I went to Jersey city in the five o'clock train, took Doane's letter, and came back late in the evening with Mattison's withering reply. Dr. M. came home about six o'clock—read Doane's article, smiled, took off his coat, and wrote for about two hours. He never stopped for supper, but about nine o'clock we went down stairs and had something to eat.

The letter was published, and created no small amount of sensation. On Sunday, November 15th, Dr. Mattison preached for the last time. I had considerable conversation with him on that day, and the following. He said among other things, that when he thought how feeble his health had been, he felt thankful that God had spared him so long. He also said, on my remarking that he might live yet for many years, 'I shall feel thankful, if I can work for ten years more.' He said that he had a book to publish for each of those years, and had much of the material prepared; one was to be on the Second Advent, and another was to be on the Day of Judgment. On Monday, he was present at our preachers' meeting, and delivered his last speech. We will never forget it. The afternoon (he took dinner with Dr. Crane,) we went up to the jail, saw Ellis, and secured his recantation. The Dr. was in grand spirits; we took tea with Bro. Rooney. We wanted the Dr. to remain over night, and to be at the dedication of the St.

Paul's parsonage, but he could not stay away from home, without giving his family notice. He took the cars for Jersey City, to notify his family, expecting to return, and intending to call on Gov. Ward in the morning, to *get him* interested in our case; you know the rest. He laid his weary head on the Master's breast, and fell asleep. I saw him once or twice during his illness, and as long as he had breath to speak, he gave me advice how to conduct our case."

PART 2.

CHARACTER.



AN that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory; and his speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing
Moulds."

[MISS LADLOW.





CHAPTER I.

SCHOLARSHIP.



THE leading traits in Dr. Mattison's character may be inferred from the chief facts of his life as already narrated. He possessed, however, certain distinguishing peculiarities which seem to demand a more specific notice. The consideration of these will be the work of the present chapter and those which are to follow.

We begin with his *scholarship*. Not that this was peculiar in regard either to its profundity or its finish, but it was at least remarkable for both its extensive range considering his lack of early advantages, and its eminently practical type. He was not an educated man in the technical sense, but in every other he was. "No appre-

ciative instructors bade him aspire; no halls of learning opened their doors to him; no wealthy patron volunteered to encourage and 'see him through.' His own aspirations chose their difficult path, and God's providence took him into its own great school ere he knew it."* In that school he became a self-made man after the highest and best model. Mr. Hosmer's testimony at this point is as truthful as it is beautiful: "We have had and still have, men of as profound intellect as Dr. Mattison, but I know not as we have, or ever had, one of the same stirring, indomitable character. Nelther his health, nor his education, nor the field of his early ministry, favored that strong devotion to literature and science which marked his whole career. It was the force of native genius triumphing over all obstacles—the brilliance of the diamond elicited not by the skill of the lapidary, but by attrition among the pebbles of its own lowly bed. He was, in short, a great man without any aid from the usual appliances of literary culture, and in spite of every hindrance that can well be imagined in the way of successful development."

No one could hear Dr. Mattison speak, nor can any one read his published works, without being impressed with his extensive knowledge and mental culture. But this impression is not the result of any fictitious show of learning, for no man was ever further removed from pedantry or more heartily despised it than did he.

* Rev. G. L. Taylor.

Educated men not less than others saw in him a real scholarship, though without the least pretension to scholasticism; hence among those not acquainted with his early history he passed, and very naturally so, for a liberally educated man. If Franklin, Shakespeare, Samuel Drew, John Hunter, Cobbett, Hugh Miller, Lincoln, Burritt, Greeley and a host of others, without collegiate advantages attained to a well deserved emiueence in the world of letters, or of science, or both, so Dr. Mattison, moved by the same burning thirst for knowledge and the same tireless zeal in acquiring it, rose to the merited distinction of a self-educated scholar.

This was accorded to him by other Churches not less than our own. Dr. Scudder, of the Reformed Church, began his funeral address in these words:—"My brethren in the ministry, I feel that a great man hath fallen—no, not fallen, for our brother lies not there. He lives as he never lived before. We have heard of his scholarship, but how much greater opportunities does he now enjoy for study! What a school that brother now stands in, and what a Master stands at his head to teach him!" One of the resolutions adopted by the Newark Preachers' Meeting relative to his death was as follows:

"That in his long, diversified, and extensively useful labors, we recognize the able disputant, the acute scholar, the eloquent preacher, the earnest and successful worker, and the humble and happy Christain."

Among the names of the committee appended to the report of which this formed a part, was that of the Rev. J. K. Burr, A. M., whose exact and extensive scholarship is well known, and who, if we mistake not, drafted the report. An amusing incident will further illustrate the esteem in which Dr. Mattison's literary attainments were held in cultivated circles. Among the topics which came up for discussion at the Boston Convention of ministers and laymen in the summer of 1867, was the question of a classically educated ministry. An able and scholarly essay had just been read, in which the writer insisted upon a high standard of intellectual culture in the future ministry of the Church, and more than intimated that a collegiate education ought to be made a condition of ministerial honors. To this Dr. Mattison took strong exceptions, and with his usual tact and ability, debated the subject in opposition to the views of the essayist. The latter, in replying, said that Dr. Mattison himself was a living illustration of the correctness of his position, the Doctor's success both as a writer and a speaker, being evidently due in large measure, to the very training for which he was contending.

No doubt he thought so, and no doubt many in that Convention besides him, believed the same. But the truth was, that Dr. Mattison knew nothing from experience of a college curriculum, and had the slightest possible knowledge of the Greek and Roman classics. Yet he was a

truly educated man, being well versed in his own vernacular, in ancient and modern history, in natural science, in poetry and music, in general literature, but most of all in theology. With the aid of lexicons he could read and translate the original Scriptures, but made no claim to a nice acquaintance with either the Hebrew or the Greek. His eminent success both in self-culture, and in his apt use of it for the public good, is a fit subject of thought for every ambitious youth to whom the advantages of a liberal school education are denied. With the example of Hiram Mattison before him, let no such youth despair. Neither fortune nor genius made him what he became, but rather those agencies which lie within the grasp of all. First among these, was *force of will*. Nothing that is of real worth can be accomplished without this. The feeble and hesitating find everything impossible, chiefly because it seems so. Mr. Smiles in his "Self-Help," gives several examples of will-power which all may study with profit. He speaks of a young French officer, of whom it is related that he used to walk about his apartment exclaiming, "I *will* be Marshal of France, and a great general." This ardent desire was a presentiment of his success, for he did become a distinguished commander, and died a Marshal of France. The story is told of a carpenter, who was observed one day planing a magistrate's bench which he was repairing with more than usual carefulness, and when asked the reason he replied, "Because I wish to make it

easy against the time when I come to sit upon it myself." And, singularly enough, that man actually lived to sit upon that very bench as a magistrate. "You can only half will," was the customary remark of Suwarrow to persons who failed. "Learn! Do! Try!" he would exclaim. When Napoleon was told that the Alps stood in the way of his armies he said, "There shall be no Alps," and the road across the Simplon was constructed through a district formerly almost inaccessible. "Impossible" said he, "is a word to be found only in the dictionary of fools."

It is currently related of one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, that while yet a young man, he on one occasion, said with an earnestness which attested both his sincerity and his determination, "I *will* be Bishop;" and so it came to pass but a few years after. This end was not the result of *office-seeking*, but of a steady persistent purpose to qualify *himself* for any office, even the highest, in the gift of the Church. Though that young man began his ministerial life with no college honors, only a plain New England education, a small and slender person, a feminine voice, and feeble health, yet by diligence and perseverance, stimulated by an unconquerable force of will, he rose to his present position; and in filling the Episcopal chair for the last twenty-five years, he has proved himself a worthy successor of Asbury.

In these instances of remarkable will-power, we have

an illustration of one chief element of Dr. Mattison's success. He determined to learn, and learn he did, though at first without books, or the means to obtain them; he resolved to be great, and great he became, though difficulties cast their dark shadows across his pathway at every step. His invincible determination reminds one of the touching incident told by the renowned Kossuth at Marseilles, when on his way to this country. "Last evening," he said, "one of our brothers, a Marseilles workman—I know his name and will not forget it—in spite of the cold, swam to the American frigate to press my hand. I took his hand with pity, with emotion, and reproached him for his rashness. 'What could I do?' said he; 'I was determined to touch your hand; not finding a boat, I threw myself into the water, and here I am. Are these obstacles to a man who is determined to carry out his will?' 'I bowed down,'" said Kossuth "before these noble words. The motto '*There is no obstacle to him that wills,*' shall henceforth be mine." Long before these words were uttered, our subject had adopted them in spirit as his own; and during all the years of his struggles and sufferings, he never allowed this device to grow dim upon his fair escutcheon.

This determined spirit in Dr. Mattison, was accompanied by habits of *unremitting diligence*. He knew the value of "odd moments," as they have been called. While others were seeking pleasure, he was seeking knowledge; while

they were sleeping, he was studying; while they were smoking, he was reading; while they were hunting or fishing, he was writing. Few men have ever more literally carried out Mr. Wesley's "Rules for a Preacher's Conduct," especially the first which says, "Be diligent. Never be unemployed: never be triflingly employed. Never trifle away time; neither spend any more time at any place than is strictly necessary." Only those acquainted with his habits in respect to diligence, can fully appreciate Mr. Gilbert's remark given in a previous chapter: "There was no rest when working with Dr. Mattison." That such habits should have resulted in large personal attainments, and in a corresponding usefulness to others, was neither new nor unnatural. Where is the young man who in this respect may not successfully imitate him? "With perseverance, the very odds and ends of time may be worked up into results of the greatest value. An hour in every day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits would, if profitably employed, enable a person of ordinary capacity to go far toward mastering a complete science. It would make an ignorant man a well informed man in ten years. Dr. Mason Good translated Lucretius while riding in the streets of London, going his rounds among his patients. Dr. Darwin composed nearly all his works in the same way, while driving about in his sulky from house to house in the country, writing down his thoughts on little scraps of paper which he carried about with him for the purpose.

Hale wrote his 'Contemplations' while traveling on circuit. Dr. Burney learned French and Italian while traveling on horseback from one musical pupil to another, in the course of his profession. Kirk White learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office; and we personally know a man of eminent position, who learned French and Latin [while going messages as an errand-boy in the streets of Manchester. Elihu Burritt, while working and earning his living as a blacksmith, mastered some eighteen ancient and modern languages, and twenty-two European dialects.]* Such examples might be multiplied to almost any extent.


One other thing contributed largely to Dr. Mattison's fund of knowledge—his intelligent *observation*. He was a quiet, but close observer of "men and things." Few objects or facts of interest escaped his attention, and he had the happy art of using to advantage what he learned in this way. Moreover the very *difficulties* which he was obliged to grapple, by giving a wholesome stimulus to exertion, became his helpers to success. Accordingly, one has said, "It is not ease but effort, not facility but difficulty, that makes men." This was certainly true in Dr. Mattison's case. There are but few now setting out in the race of life, whose impediments are not far less than his, but whether less or greater, the indomitable energy displayed by him will overcome them and win success. "As

* Smiles' "Self-Help."

Edmund Stone said to the Duke of Argyle, in answer to his grace's inquiry how he, a poor gardiner's boy, had contrived to be able to read Newton's "Principia," in Latin, 'One needs only to know,' said Stone, 'the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, in order to learn everything that one wishes.'"

CHAPTER II.

CONTENDING EARNESTLY FOR THE FAITH.

 R. MATTISON was no mere logomachist. He does not appear to have engaged in any controversy from the love of controversy, but only from a sense of duty in the case. And yet it is quite obvious that he was an adept in polemics and a born logician. His quick and powerful perceptions gave him such an insight into what was wrong, that he could not refrain from correcting it. It was the love of right and truth, that impelled him into the various theological disputes which he conducted with some of the best minds in the Church, and much to his own credit. Where truth suffered or right was outraged, he was drawn by instinct, and no danger or difficulty could keep him out of the fray. That he did not love controversy for its own sake, is clear from the fact that he was largely occupied with non-controversial topics. His works on 'Astronomy,' on the 'Immortality of the Soul,' and the 'Resurrection of

the Dead,' are quite sufficient to disprove the existence of an inordinate love of Controversy."*

The first instance which has come to our knowledge of his "contending earnestly for the faith" in anything like a formal controversy, occurred in the third or fourth year of his ministry, while stationed at Adams. He was called to defend the first day of the week as the true Christian Sabbath, in opposition to the claims of the Seventh Day Baptists, in showing the fallacy of which he used with the happiest success the power of both the pulpit and the press. In that early passage at arms, he proved himself a youthful son of Manoaah who should one day become a very Sampson in polemic strength.

His encounter with Arianism during his Bible agency in New Jersey in 1841, has already been described, and need not here be repeated. But there was work of a similar kind still left for him on the soil of the same state. Dr. W. G. Lord of Newark writes thus concerning his visit to that city in the winter of 1845: "He was here as a supernumerary belonging to the Black River Conference. His health at this time was poor; his face was pale; his always slender frame was emaciated, and looked as though he would soon be an inhabitant of the spirit land. He came in part for his health, and to superintend some literary work then going through the press." After speaking of a remarkable sermon on

* Rev. W. Hosmer.

“the glorious gospel of the blessed God,” he continues: “Soon after he preached the sermon referred to, the Rev. Mr. Gallagher, pastor of the Universalist Church in this city, adventured to preach a sermon against the Trinity. Mr. Mattison, with myself and some other friends, went to hear him; and believing that he was set for the defence of the gospel, challenged Mr. Gallagher *publicly* to discuss the subject.

He declined, assigning as a reason, that Mr. Mattison was a stranger, and a person of no character, etc., etc. There can be no doubt, however, that he was afraid to encounter Mr. Mattison—on the principle that:

‘He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain,
May never live to fight again.’

But he did not have the letting alone that he hoped; immediately Mr. Mattison commenced preaching in the Clinton-Street M. E. Church, a series of sermons on the Trinity. * The anti-trinitarian kept still, except to cry for quarters, saying Mr. Mattison was taking the bread out of his mouth. Error withdrew from the field, truth triumphed, and God’s honor was sustained.”

It was but natural to expect, that one so vigilant of error and so ready to confront it, would be among the first to grapple that gross public imposture known as

* A description of these will be found in the next chapter.

“spirit rapping,” and expose its iniquitous pretensions. This he did in a telling volume published in 1855, bearing the title of “Spirit Rapping Unveiled”! and containing a complete expose’ of its origin, history, theology and philosophy. Of course there was “no small stir” among the hordes of rappers, table-tippers, mediums, etc., who were as “full of wrath” against Dr. Mattison as Demetrius and “the workmen of like occupation” were against Paul at Ephesus, and for a similar reason: “this our craft is in danger.”

Moreover, so fully had the prevailing delusion impressed itself upon all classes of minds, that learned editors and professors, and grave divines were not a little disposed to criticise Dr. Mattison’s book, and discard its teachings, by attributing to supernatural influence, or at least to occult scientific causes, those phenomena which he insisted were the result of trickery, or at most of known physical causes. The progress of events since that time, has demonstrated in him that intuitive insight into the true relation of things, for which he, beyond most men, was distinguished.

His controversy with Dr. J. H. Perry in 1856^x, on the Wesleyan doctrine of Christian Perfection, was on both sides earnest and able,—a contest in which each disputant found in the other “a foeman worthy of his steel.” Whatever may be thought of their success or failure in establishing the positions assumed by them respectively,

none can deny that Dr. Mattison evinced an imperturbable self-possession; a nice discrimination in his proofs; a quick perception of fallacies in his opponent; a keen power of analysis; and a pointedness of application, which stamped him at once as a theological polemic with whom but few might safely enter the lists. Whether for good or ill, his massive pamphlets had the effect of retarding for several years the growth of what he regarded as a pernicious excrescence upon the Wesleyan doctrine of perfect love, and its enlargement in later years was to him a grievous omen of ill. He well knew that in opposing perversions of what he conceived to be the true doctrine, he would be misunderstood by many as opposing the true doctrine itself, and in this light he was not unfrequently represented. But this was ascribing to him an utterly false position. His very jealousy for the Bible standard of Holiness, as he held it, led him to resist all attempts to degrade it below its true normal position. He believed there was a constant tendency towards this in all those professions of entire sanctification which were not accompanied by Mr. Fletcher's "spiritual constellation of perfect repentance, perfect faith, perfect humility, perfect meekness, perfect self-denial, perfect resignation, perfect hope, perfect charity for man and perfect love to God." Accepting this definition of Bible holiness as correct, he could not fail to observe, what Mr. Wesley so plainly saw in his day, that many whose spirit and

practice fell far below this standard, were among the most forward in making a "profession." He was therefore driven to one of two conclusions, either that the scripture standard of sanctification admitted of anger, pride, self-will, and sundry other forms of remaining depravity, or that the class of persons referred to were mistaken as to their spiritual attainments. Of course he could not adopt the former conclusion and was therefore compelled to accept the latter. He freely accorded sincerity and Christian excellence to most of those spoken of, but insisted that it was a gross misnomer to call that Christian perfection which came so far short of it, and which if accepted as such, must at once strip the doctrine of that elevated sanctity which the Bible everywhere throws around it.

While the attainableness of entire sanctification by all believers in the present life, entered into his deepest convictions, he held with Mr. Wesley before him, that comparatively few experience it this side of death; that as the highest bliss of heaven may be reached only by the probationary discipline of self-denial, suffering, and continuous spiritual growth, so the highest enjoyments of the Christian life on earth may be realized only through similar processes; and that accordingly the New Testament clearly speaks of our being "crucified with Christ;" "mortifying the deeds of the body;" "suffering in the flesh;" "walking in the light," etc., as necessary

antecedents of that sublime testimony, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

The honest sincerity of Dr. Mattison in entertaining these views, was evinced by the unswerving fidelity with which he advocated them during the long years of his ministry, sometimes amid no little reproach, and the utter absence of any expressed doubt concerning them in his last sickness and death. They were such views as it was safe, at least for him, to die by. The Rev. G. L. Taylor, though holding the views which Dr. Mattison felt it his duty to combat, has paid the following just and beautiful tribute to his ripening devotion during the closing months of his life: "That sanctification which still he could not accept as an entire and instantaneous work through faith, and against which he honestly preached in his last farewell sermon, seemed nevertheless, after his own views, to be gradually but rapidly going on in his own soul to its full fruition. The deepest things of God seemed opening to him, and he fed on the milk and honey of Canaan. So he grew sweeter and stronger, and ripening still as he fought, until suddenly called away. He has gone home to glory. His death was the crown of his life."*

Perhaps no form of error more fully occupied Dr. Mattison's attention at various times, or more largely employed his voice and pen, than what is popularly known as

* Memorial Sermon.

Storrism. Against this and its twin-sister Universalism he was accustomed to level his keenest shafts. This he did too at a time when the former, coming to aid the latter, had almost silenced the battery of many an orthodox pulpit on the subject of future eternal punishment. The specious writings of Storrs, Dobney, Hudson, and others, had fallen with a half-stunning effect upon the orthodox world; and while not a few "doubted whereunto this would grow," Dr. Mattison, true to his antecedents, "dared to beard the lion in his den." Not only did his pulpit glow with the fervor of his burning words in behalf of the old faith, but plying his keen logic through the press, he met the ill-renowned author of the new heresy in a pen-contest which clearly showed the strength of his own position and the weakness of his opponent's.

Of this controversy with Mr. Storrs we have not the particulars; but enough is known to assure us of Dr. Mattison's invincible determination and well-earned success. During the last ten years of his life, he made this, at various times, a prominent subject of pulpit discourse, delivering now a series of sermons, and now a course of lectures, the substance of which he at length embodied in his able work on "The Immortality of the Soul." This sterling volume, though not equal in its arguments from *Reason and Nature*, to Bishop Clarke's "Man all Immortal," presents the "*Scripture Doctrine of Immortality*," with sur-

passing ability and tact. Dr. Mattison, above most other men, had made himself familiar with the sophistries of the annihilationists and the ever-shifting phases of their *progressive* theology; and having a constitutional adaptation of mind to deal with such subjects, he proved himself an anatomist of the highest skill in their dissection. No one can read part first of the volume referred to, without being at once satisfied of this. Some months before his death, acting upon the advice of friends, he published this portion of the book separately and in cheap form, as containing the best refutation extant, for popular use, of the errors against which it was aimed.

During his pastoral life in Jersey City, he became greatly interested in the subject of popular amusements as practiced by members of the Church. Deeply grieved at the facts that came to his knowledge, he felt called upon to preach one or more sermons, in which he sought to "lift up a standard" against this in-rushing tide of worldliness. Accustomed to do with his might whatsoever his hand found to do, these discourses combined the boldest denunciations, the most pointed appeals, and the tenderest admonitions, with the most convincing arguments drawn from the Bible, and from the early faith and practice of the Church. No little sensation was the result, but it was a wholesome sensation. His thoughts soon took the form of a stirring pamphlet of ninety-six pages, the sale of which was rapid and extensive. In general, its appearance

was hailed by the press with words of the highest commendation ; yet it did not wholly pass without criticism. The editor of the *Evening Journal*, a secular daily of Jersey City, was among those who called in question its positions. Considering that the pamphlet was an "Appeal to Methodists," and that the editor was *not* a Methodist, nor a professing Christian of any kind, his strictures, many would think, demanded but little notice, if any at all. Dr. Mattison, however, being on terms of personal friendship with the editor, and knowing that he was in a position to neutralize much of what he had said and written, deemed it his duty to reply. This led to an extended discussion in the columns of the *Journal*, in which the pamphleteer by fresh arguments, and new pungent illustrations, triumphantly vindicated the teachings of his pamphlet. The editor, though acknowledging "the very able arguments of his opponent," was not indeed convinced, but a discerning Christian public did not fail to see where the truth lay.

Any portraiture of Dr. Mattison would not be perfect, which should omit a notice of his encounter with Rev. Edward D. Bryan, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Washington, New Jersey. A full account of this, is given in a remarkably spicy pamphlet, entitled "A Defense of American Methodism," etc. This "Defense," was called out by the following circumstances : Dr. Mattison attended a Centenary meeting at the place named, October 10,

1866, and made a speech in the M. E. Church, giving a sketch of the rise, progress, and present condition of Methodism in this country, and of the elements of its wonderful growth and prosperity. Of this speech some one gave a report to Rev. Mr. Bryan, who felt it to be his duty to repel what, accepting the report as true, he considered an attack upon his own Church; and accordingly he devoted two sermons upon two successive Sabbaths to a review of the Centenary speech. The author of the speech hearing of this review, opened a correspondence with the reviewer, in which he said, "Please state to me in brief the points reported to you to which you demur, and the grounds of your dissent; or, if disposed to be entirely frank and brotherly in the matter, send me the manuscripts of your two sermons in review of my speech." To this Mr. Bryan replied in a long letter which made no reference to either of the above requests, but contained statements and inuendoes that so shrewd a disputant as Dr. Mattison would not fail to turn with tremendous force against him. This he did on Thursday evening, December 6th, from the same pulpit where two months before, he had delivered his Centenary address. After glancing at the origin of the meeting, and reading the correspondence from the original manuscripts, several hundred printed copies of the same were distributed among those present, in order that they might the better understand and appreciate the pending rejoinder. Then followed a discourse two hours

and three-quarters in length, a discourse to which a large audience listened with intense and unflagging interest and which was thoroughly exhaustive of the subject in hand. Never was surgeon's knife wielded with more consummate skill, or more perfect success. Yet there was in it so much of Christian frankness, courtesy, and kindness, mingled with an unavoidable severity, that neither Mr. Bryan nor his numerous friends could find just occasion for offense.

It had been his misfortune to commit the threefold mistake of replying to garbled statements of Dr. Mattison's address; of estimating Methodism in general by what he saw in his own particular locality; and of not knowing in advance, the real character of the antagonist to whom he threw down the gauntlet. His fellow pastor in the same borough at that time, Rev. William Day, as well as the writer subsequently, found in him a true gentleman and Christian, to whose lack of caution, rather than any undue denominational bigotry, is to be traced a contest in which he became the chief sufferer.

Among the most brilliant displays which Dr. Mattison gave of his controversial powers, were those witnessed during the last three years of his life, in the New York Preachers' Meeting. Here in presence of the best talent of the Church, his skill in debate, combining a thorough self-command with a perfect mastery of his subject, often found its highest stimulus and grandest opportunity. The

exciting discussions on "perfect love," and "human depravity," to mention no others, called forth his keenest weapons of assertion and argument; of figures and facts; of illustrations and proofs; of exegesis and application. The extreme pungency with which he would thrust at some opponent's well-wrought theory, causing its sudden collapse, was now and then mistaken for personal acrimony. Thus a correspondent of *Zion's Herald* took occasion about that time to write in substance, that it was "Dr. Mattison's misfortune, to hold every one who differed with him in opinion as his personal enemy." No wonder he felt deeply grieved and wounded at this unbrotherly misrepresentation. Nothing could have been further from the truth. Among all the positive men and masterly controversialists within the range of our knowledge, we have never known one so free from the quality here ascribed to Dr. Mattison as himself. Indeed, if he was remarkable for anything, it was for a spirit of personal forbearance and kindness toward opponents, the very opposite of this quality. We are happily able just at this point, to give the unsought testimony of one who was accustomed to press him with the sharpest weapons of debate, on a vexed question, but never to the least interruption of their mutual friendship. We refer to Rev. A. E. Ballard, of the New Jersey Conference, who writes as follows: "Our views on the subject of Bible holiness were radically different, and different in a style which, if Dr. Mattison

had not been a large hearted, noble man, would have made our friendly intimacy an impossibility. I do not remember that we ever met without controverting this subject, and that too, in personal as well as doctrinal forms. There was no hesitation on the part of either of us, in public or private, in bringing to bear the sharpest possible words upon the question. At one of our camp meetings he had preached his own peculiar views in a style of splendid oratory that captivated the people, and left them strongly in favor of the ideas he had presented. It was made my duty to follow him, and as the only mode of counteracting what he had said that occurred to me, I proposed that we should test the question by a personal application of the atonement for the production of holiness in his heart, then and there. The feeling with which he received this public challenge, can be best illustrated by the fact that he declined numbers of pressing invitations from our most prominent ministers, to spend the Sabbath with them in their splendid churches, and accepted mine to preach at a quarterly meeting to a congregation of hundreds, upon the theme of which I was never weary, the 'Immortality of the Soul.'

In regard to the *spirit* with which Dr. Mattison conducted his controversies, he was by many of his brethren entirely misunderstood. The unsparing keenness of his logic was mistaken for ascerbity of temper; his exposure of inconsistency in his opponent for personal malice; and his per-

sistent opposition to what he believed to be an error for invincible stubbornness. Yet nothing was further from the real fact than these suppositions, and few more kindly hearted men than he, ever entered the lists of an ecclesiastical tournament. Personally, an opponent was as dear to him as a sympathizer, and his warm regards were as freely offered to the one as to the other.

His sense of humour was both keen and sweet. It was never employed without a practical object, and seldom failed to strike strong blows at whatever it was aimed, yet so as that the most sensitive were not offended. In the evening of the day on which he accompanied me to the quarterly meeting referred to above, as we sat up to a late hour discussing the practical experiences of the doctrine of holiness, when I suggested that I had sometimes thought he enjoyed the blessing but that his theology had darkened the consciousness of its existence, he paused a moment, and then asked if a person who sometimes felt the risings of anger in his heart, was holy? Upon my answering no, he replied, 'Then I am not holy.' After another slight pause he added, 'That is not the worst of it.' I asked, 'What is not the worst of it?' His face lighted up with the play of his humour as he replied, 'If you judge by this rule, there are plenty of folks on your side of the house, who are not holy either.' The thrust was severe, yet its spirit was such as I think generally animated his controversial moods.

At the opening of the Drew Seminary, when introducing in my presence, a brother to a western divine, he presented him as a superior man, but one of the 'New Divinity' brethren. In the conversation which followed, the brother stated that poor as he was, he would give a large part of his pittance, if the splendid talents of Dr. Mattison were only devoted to preaching the views of holiness which he opposed, and added that it was saddening to him to see so mighty a man without its experience. The Doctor replied in the pleasant style of which I have spoken, that he believed the brother *was* sanctified, at least pretty nearly so—*was* sanctified from the top of his head to his mouth, and from the chin to the extremities, but of the intervening space he must be permitted to doubt, as it was largely consecrated to whiskers and tobacco!"

Another quotation from the same letter, will further illustrate Dr. Mattison's aptness in retort, combined with genuine good nature. "At our Centenary camp meeting when he was expressing his attachment to the Methodist Episcopal Church, a brother in the stand, asked aloud about the years when he was outside of her communion. The Doctor instantly replied, that he *had* been outside from conscientious motives which he could not there explain; but that he had always loved the Church, and spoken of her in terms of affection; that he had made a mistake in leaving her; and then turning to the brother, he added, "I had more love for her than I think you

would have had under the same circumstances, for I had the grace to repent and come back on probation, which it is doubtful if you would have done.'

The humor placed the Doctor right before the people, and yet left no cause for offense to the brother who had called it out."

A brief paragraph from an editorial in the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, on the day following his death, will be a fitting close to this chapter. "Within his own denomination he has been long known as a controversialist, because of his disposition to expose and rebuke erroneous opinions and dogmas, and the skill and power with which he did it. He was however, by no means harsh in disposition, but frank, genial, and kind. He levelled the bolts of his logic, which were often annihilating, and of his invective and sarcasm, rather at the error and the sin, than at the individual."

CHAPTER III.

IN THE PULPIT.



STUDY to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Not more carefully did Timothy of the first century heed this apostolic counsel or more diligently fulfil it than did Hiram Mattison of the nineteenth. In the pulpit not less than elsewhere he was "a tower of strength"—"a bright particular star." His eloquence was not of the flashy type which astonishes and dazzles for a moment and then expires in a deeper darkness, but an eloquence which at once attracted, instructed, and edified. It consisted not in simple word-painting, or startling tropes and figures, or strained flights of fancy; it was rather the eloquence of vigorous well-digested thought, expressed in words of peculiar fitness, and enforced with an energy which showed how fully the preacher's heart suffused his thought, and which at times was well nigh irresistible.

This was true of his preaching not only on great occasions, but often in his stated ministrations also. Nor did there seem to be any decline of his pulpit power in the years of his second half-century; in fact the grandest sermons of his life were preached within the three years last preceding his death.

Could the mute walls and pews of Trinity church, Jersey City, and the tented groves of Warwick, Sing Sing, Barnsboro' and Morristown, but speak, they would tell of "thoughts that breathed and words that burned," uttered with a God-inspired eloquence by the lips of him of whom we write.

Dr. Mattison evinced the utmost deliberation in entering upon his pulpit duties, and was free from all ostentation of manner. His frail appearance; serious, half-pensive countenance; and modest tones and gestures, while forestalling all flippant criticism in his hearers, led them if strangers, to expect far less than his reputation had promised; but he seldom failed in the end to redeem the largest pledges thus given. His habit was to use "notes" in the pulpit, which sometimes produced a degree of awkwardness, by restraining that erectness of posture and freedom of movement, which are so desirable in a public speaker; but these notes were far less extensive than the hearer would infer from the quantity of paper used. He wrote them in a large, full hand, but in general with so much brevity as to render them unintelligible to any

besides himself. His preaching was eminently Scriptural each position being thoroughly fortified with printed proof-texts usually cut from a cheap copy of the Bible and pasted on his brief. He seldom attempted to commit anything to memory, but very much of what he read clung to him with a tenacity which enabled him to quote it with almost literal exactness. His sermons were freely illustrated with facts and incidents which he had gathered in his reading or observation, and of which he reminded himself by a word or at most a broken sentence in his brief. He strongly opposed the reading of sermons in Methodist pulpits, and was scarcely less opposed to delivering them memoritor. Whatever necessity may exist with some for either of these practices—and such a necessity is almost always more imaginary than real—it certainly had no existence in his case.

His thoughts crystalized into words and sentences of the highest transparence and beauty, the instant they sought expression, and without the least apparent effort. Many of those sermons which fell from his lips in a purity and gracefulness of diction that fitted them at once for the press, and which moved his hearers by their mighty eloquence as a strong wind sways the trees of the forest, had cost him but a few hours preparation, and were utterly unstudied except as to their leading thoughts. In this respect there are but few preachers who can with safety attempt to imitate him.

There were several prominent characteristics of Dr. Mattison's preaching to which we would call special attention. One was its outspoken *orthodoxy*. This applies not only to the doctrinal truths uttered by him, but also to the mode of their presentation. There was no straining after new and far-fetched forms of statement. He was wont to speak of depravity, conversion, the witness of the Spirit, growth in grace, the resurrection and judgment, heaven and hell, very much as the fathers did before him. He "declared all the counsel of God"—the severer no less than the milder truths of that counsel—with a frankness and fidelity which challenged the respect of all his hearers even though it might offend some.

Another noticeable feature of his preaching was its perfect *clearness*. If perspicuity be a fundamental quality of good speaking, as the rhetoricians tell us, then he must be set down in this respect as a very model in the pulpit. No one was ever puzzled to understand either what he said or what he meant. He strictly followed that advice of the Discipline: "Take care not to ramble, but keep to your text and make out what you take in hand."

His perfect *naturalness of manner* is also worthy of notice. You saw him in the pulpit as you saw him elsewhere—plain, artless, unaffected, simple, a true son of nature in voice and gesture. He assumed no affected tones, and put on no disgusting airs.

How much these chief qualities of his preaching had to do with his extensive popularity we need not pause to calculate, but the facts in the case convey a lesson which every minister of Christ may well consider. That lesson is that no toning down of simple truth; no assumption of great profundity; and no affectation of delivery, is essential to a commanding pulpit influence even among the masses, though these may sometimes be the price of a fictitious popularity. Dr. Mattison while widely popular among all classes in the pulpit, was at the farthest possible remove from either the fop or the clown.

What we have thus written will be more than justified by the following facts and illustrations. Several years ago a well-known clergyman was engaged to supply Henry Ward Beecher's pulpit in his absence. The usual hour of service came but no preacher made his appearance. The delay became painful, and the officers of the Church were at their wits ends to know how to relieve the embarrassment. Looking over the congregation, they saw sitting there a man of slender person and thoughtful countenance, presenting, as they fancied, the appearance of a clergyman. Learning upon inquiry that such was the fact, they took the risk of inviting him to occupy the pulpit and address the waiting but impatient congregation that thronged the church. He consented, and with no little anxiety they watched the result. "Will he abuse our courtesy? or, will he justify our bold adventure"?

were some of the questions with which their thoughts busied themselves. As he proceeded with the service, however, their anxieties were completely put to rest, and when he finished, not only they, but the vast congregation, felt that there had stood before them no mean substitute for the renowned pastor of Plymouth Church. That was Dr. Mattison's introduction to Mr. Beecher's pulpit, but was not by any means the only time he occupied it; on several subsequent occasions he was warmly welcomed there by the pastor and his people.

Dr. Wm. G. Lord of Newark, N. J., thus describes his preaching in that city: "He came to Newark in the winter of 1845 comparatively a stranger; but a sermon he preached on 'The glorious gospel of the blessed God'—a sermon of such rare beauty, eloquence, and power, as almost to electrify the people—soon made him known as a prince among pulpit orators. Afterwards he preached, in the Clinton Street M. E. church, a series of sermons on the Trinity. They were sermons indeed, logical and surpassingly eloquent. They were greatly admired and added much to his reputation. Rev. Dr. Scott, then pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church, heard him, and expressed his profound admiration, saying 'that he had never heard anything that surpassed it.' He preached a sermon from Phillippians ii: 6, etc., 'Who being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be equal with God,' etc. Never did we hear anything to

transcend this; it was superlatively beautiful. He 'showed himself to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.' He quoted, 'And they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted, is God with us.' Looking up he said, 'We thank thee Gabriel for this translation.' The effect was electrical."

The following graphic account by Rev. A. E. Ballard, of his singular introduction to Dr. Mattison will be read with the interest it deserves, and will further illustrate his commanding powers in the pulpit. "My first acquaintance with Dr. Mattison commenced at the session of our Conference, (New Jersey,) held at Mount Holly in 1845. He was a tall, pale, quiet looking man, with a few little books written by himself for sale. The man attracted me, but nobody with whom I associated knew anything about him. The wonder as to who he was became stronger every day, but his modest, reticent manner precluded the questioning of curiosity, and there was no other basis upon which to ask a question. The final conclusion was that he was probably a colporteur, who was endeavoring by his presence at the Conference to obtain the recognition and favor of the preachers in the prosecution of his work. During the progress of the Conference I accompanied Rev. J. W. Jackson to an evening service at Vincentown. While on our way to the place we saw before us, walking slowly, the tall slender form of our supposed colporteur. Neither of us felt like preaching,

and we benovolently concluded that as he did not likely often get an opportunity to preach we would offer it to him for that evening. We determined not to be precipitate with the request, but to ascertain first whether he was a preacher at all, and then judge by his conversation whether he was competent to take our places. If he should prove, as we feared he would, dry and uninteresting, we could supplement his effort ourselves and make it pass off in that way. We gave him an invitation to ride with us which he at once accepted, and at our first hint that we might possibly desire his aid for the evening in the pulpit, he volunteered to preach. We looked at each other in some dismay at this prompt acceptance of our implied offer, and ventured to inquire if he was a stationed preacher anywhere. He immediately responded in the negative, and gave us no further information about himself. He conversed but little and so afforded us no opportunity to judge him in that way; and our mental conclusion was that our first supposition was correct, and that he had accepted our offer so readily because he so seldom obtained one. In this way only could we account for his apparent eager willingness to preach for us. When a few moments of privacy were secured, we settled it that as his exercises would probably be a failure we ourselves would read the hymns, pray, and follow him with an exhortation, which we supposed would sufficiently enliven the services to make them pass without seri-

ously dissatisfying the people with our substitution. When he ascended the pulpit he selected and read his hymn without the least reference to us, a proceeding which we thought savored of the coolest assurance. He did not read remarkably well, which only deepened our previous belief as to his ability, and we began to wish we had not invited him. His movements showed that he intended to offer the opening prayer himself. We felt that we had done him a special favor in giving him a chance to preach at all, and this cavalier-like treatment was felt as almost unendurable, especially in view of the fact that his sermon would undoubtedly need some help from us to eke it out. He began his prayer in the elevated style peculiar to himself and fastened our attention at once. A moment more and his fervor lit up the magnificent yet simple beauty of his sentences with a splendor that forced us half from our knees in pure astonishment. Open-eyed we gazed upon each other in most undevotional confusion. As the prayer proceeded the the thoughts rose higher and higher, carrying us along with them until we seemed to stand before the throne itself worshipping face to face. He then announced for his theme, 'The immortality of the soul'. Whoever may have heard him discuss this topic is aware that both in matter and in manner he rivalled the first speakers of the nation; and our feelings may be more easily imagined than described when we contrasted our first

portraiture of the man with the sermon which he delivered on that evening. It is superfluous to add that we did *not* exhort after his preaching, and also, that when he called upon us to close the services we forthwith pronounced the benediction. This incident formed the beginning of an intimacy that was always accepted by myself as an honor, and which lasted to the close of life."

Many of our readers are aware that the Centenary Camp Meeting held near Morristown, N. J., in the summer of 1866, was rendered especially memorable by Dr. Mattison's great sermon on Sabbath morning. It was doubtless one of the most remarkable discourses of modern times. A somewhat extended account of it, therefore, will not be considered out of place. We have been favored with two descriptions of it, in both of which we are sure the reader will be deeply interested. For the first we are indebted to Rev. Henry J. Hayter who writes:

"When the congregation led by Philip Phillips our 'sweet singer,' had sung the second hymn, Dr. Mattison arose and announced his text Eph. iv: 30, 'And grieve not the Holy Spirit, etc. I thought—we have the mind and the spirit, (this I knew from his past history,) but what will become of his poor frail body? How can his voice reach these on the outskirts, and hold their attention? Help from above had been earnestly implored, and help came. He had not uttered a half dozen sentences before all fear about the people's hearing vanished from my mind. Every

one was *chained*. All felt that the text was being enforced by a master in Israel. Truly on him was Elijah's mantle. His face was all aglow, his heart all on fire, his tongue fully at the divine control. Cut loose from every impediment, God made him master of the situation. O! the glory that seemed to clothe the preacher! It was on the whole assembly. Shouts many, mighty, and glorious, went up all over the encampment. Some shouted who never shouted before. Tears—how they flowed! tears of penitence, and tears of joy. O! the *power* that rested on the encampment. It was a *weight* of glory. "What will become of us?" said a good brother at my side. An hour and a half had passed, but preacher and people were lost to time. Still on he went, and higher still he mounted; holy amazement seized us. He talked like an angel, nay, more, it was with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Thus he preached for an hour and fifty minutes; yet not he, but God preached through him. The pressure seemed to be more than we could bear. Said an eminent layman sitting by my side in the stand, a man not easily carried away, one too of fine literary attainments, and who for many years had been a counselor in the Church (Col. S. F. Headley,) placing his hand upon my knee, 'O! if he does not stop he'll kill us.'"

A fuller description is from the graphic pen of Rev. J. Atkinson. "The leading men and the best preachers of our own Conference were there, and distinguished visitors from

other Conferences. Among those who preached were Bishop Janes, Rev. Dr. E. Wentworth, and Rev. Anthony Atwood. Precious and powerful were the sermons of these and other messengers of the Churches.

Sunday morning, however, was the great occasion of the meeting. It was not finally decided that Dr. Mattison should preach until a short time before the hour of public service. Before entering the pulpit, he cast himself upon the gracious help of that Spirit concerning whose office and work he was to preach, and then entering the sacred place, he addressed himself to his great task.

The scene before the preacher, as he cast his eyes upon his waiting audience, was grand and inspiring in a high degree. The freshness and beauty of nature, the calmness which shed a soothing spell upon the mighty throng, the soft light of the mild heaven, playing upon the shimmering branches of that delightful forest, the hush that rested upon all the space devoted to worship, and the sea of faces upturned before him, radiant with intelligence and pensive with interest, were enough to profoundly impress and move any speaker.

His text was, 'Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God by which ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.' He preached the Holy Spirit, and the Spirit filled the preacher, and gave great unction to the word. There did not seem to be any attempt to do a great thing, yet the discourse was struck to the key of greatness. There was no

straining after novelties or high wrought expressions. He dealt in plain language touching the office of the Holy Spirit as the Revealer and Awakener; as the author of Regeneration; as the witnesser to Adoption; as the Helper, Comforter and Sanctifier, and as the agent in our Resurrection—the quickener of our mortal bodies. Simple and familiar was the plan of the discourse, yet it took hold of the grandest and mightiest truths of a spiritual religion, and the discussion was characterized by clear statement, sharp logic, pungent thrusts at the conscience, masterly appeals, and almost overwhelming power. A few passages in the sermon showed his talent for controversy. One of these was an assault upon Universalism, in which he said that our God is not the hard, vindictive God of the Universalist, who will not forgive sin, but a gracious and forgiving God. The Universalist maintains that a sinner must be punished in this life for his sins, no matter how earnestly or penitently he may pray to be forgiven; ‘but,’ said the preacher, ‘many years ago, God forgave all my sins, and he has not punished me for one of them since.’

He dwelt upon grieving the Holy Spirit, and vividly described the ways in which men grieve him. Among the rest, he showed how Christians grieve the Spirit when they refuse to speak, or to give expression in the old fashioned ‘amen’ to their feelings in meeting, and he powerfully urged upon professors of religion to not grieve

the Holy Spirit more, and then said, 'All of you who will here covenant with God not to grieve the Spirit again, rise upon your feet,' and at once hundreds, if not thousands, rose.

He described the terribleness of the grieving of the Spirit by the sinner, in a manner that was enough to startle almost any neglecter of salvation. Never shall I forget the illustration he employed or the manner in which it was delivered. It was pathetic and effective in a degree seldom surpassed, if even equalled. 'Suppose,' said he, 'a man in some arctic region with only a little smouldering fire on which his life depends, should instead of carefully guarding and adding fuel to it, begin to stamp it out!' The illustration of course was wrought out as, under the influence of his thought and his inspiration, Dr. Mattison could do it, and the application of it to the sinner stamping out his only light and hope was truly powerful.

It was a great sermon. None who heard it, certainly, would dissent from this opinion. We thought at the time, and still think, after almost three years have passed and the preacher has gone to his account, that it was one of the greatest sermons that ever fell from human lips. We do not say it was *the* greatest, for no man would be justified in making such a declaration of any sermon, however great; but having heard some of the greatest preachers of the present time, including Simpson, Beech-

er, Durbin, Fuller, Chapin, and Hannah, Punshon, and Hall of England, we cannot see, from what we can judge of the capabilities of a mortal, commissioned, trained and baptized by the Holy Spirit for this work, how, in all the elements of greatness a sermon could much exceed that which we are describing. In mere word polish it might be excelled; though in that it was not wanting; in sublimity of imagination other sermons may have surpassed it; in some other particulars possibly it might suffer by comparison; but as a whole, combining clearness, strength, force, logic, appeal, illustration, pathos, with that indescribable power which a preacher wields over an audience when his arm is made strong by the arm of the mighty God of Jacob, we rank it among the great productions of the pulpit.

The effect was great. Strong men bowed in tears. After the sermon, one who for many years has occupied a high place in our ministry said in our hearing to the preacher, 'That illustration of stamping out the fire almost killed me.' It was estimated that on that day sixty or more souls were born into the kingdom of God. The influence of that sermon will live forever. To have preached that once, in that manner, to that audience, and then not preach again, would have been richly worth a life of preparation.

A few months after the close of that camp meeting I was called to see a member of my charge who was pass-

ing down into the valley. She was a woman of appreciative mind, and a niece of the late Rev. Dr. Magie of Elizabeth. She heard Dr. Mattison's sermon at the camp meeting at Morristown. Now, she was dying. Her mind went back in sweet memories to that blessed hour. She spoke with much interest of the sermon, and of the blessing she received in hearing it, and as the swell of the river cast the cold spray of death upon her, the memory of that discourse was like a bright angel to her spirit. No doubt many whose immortal interests were touched and colored by that effort of the preacher, are now with him 'within the veil.'

It was an exceptional sermon, not only with respect to its composition and effect, but also with respect to the experience of the preacher while delivering it. His mind took hold of 'the powers of the world to come,' and his soul seemed rapt with the glory ineffable. Said he, while preaching, 'I feel the hallelujahs within me,' and also, 'I am so happy I cannot reason.' Subsequently he said to me, in substance, 'I am not to be judged by that sermon. Only on one or two occasions did I ever preach as I did then. I felt as if I were raised about ten feet above the stand and projected about fifteen feet in front, and then God said to me, 'Wield the thunder-bolts.' And wield them he did. Right and left he hurled truths into that throng of listeners which fell like successive bolts of thunder.

He preached with a sense of the special help of the Holy Spirit. Referring to his asking the people to rise, he said to me, 'That was not by design, but as I was urging them to not grieve the Spirit more, I felt it suggested to me, 'Commit them,' and I did so.' Who that beheld that solemnly impressive spectacle can ever forget it?

Under no circumstances could any but a great man have produced such an effort. Webster's great reply to Hayne was delivered on a great occasion—an occasion full of lofty incitement and inspiration, and the majestic orator rose with the wave of the magnificent hour; yet that wave could have borne none but a Webster to such grandeur and triumph; so no inferior man in Dr. Mattison's place, on that beautiful Sabbath morning, with its splendid concurrence of auspicious influences, could have attained such a sublime mastery of the occasion. A strong intellect in its full radiance, poured out its last reserve of light and power; a mighty spirit wrestled in its utmost vigor with a vast congregation of immortals, to sway them unto God. None but such a man could have preached such a sermon.

The lips of the preacher are sealed now in the silence of his distant tomb, but that eloquent voice which then entranced so many ears still echoes in many a yet throbbing heart; for wherever the thousands who heard that sermon are scattered, the memory of that hour and of its impressions must be fresh and enduring."

CHAPTER IV.

AUTHORSHIP.



WRITE a book," was one of Dr. Mattison's favorite apothegms in addressing young ministers. Like most of his other sayings and doings it was a reflection of his own individuality. There was in it also a disavowal of exclusive ability in himself to do that which he advised his brethren to do also. In his honest simplicity he believed that even the humblest of them might accomplish, with at least fair success, what he himself had achieved. He never ceased to "look unto the rock whence he was hewn and to the hole of the pit whence he was digged;" and remembering his own struggles and successes he sought to stimulate others to like efforts. But he forgot that some men are born to authorship as others are born to the sceptre or the lyre. He himself certainly came under this rule. The pen was as natural to him as the bow or the sling was to the ancient

Benjamites. Strongly believing in the power of the press for good or for evil, he made free and constant use of it to aid the one and oppose the other. In this respect he was a close imitator of John Wesley. With but slight qualification it may be said that whatever he thought was committed to writing, and whatever he wrote found its way to the press. Large portions of his sermons, delivered from very brief notes, were afterward reproduced in some form in his ever multiplying publications. These publications embraced a range from the little Sunday-school card to the stately volume, and were usually fresh in matter and always spirited in style.

His first book,—“The Trinity and Modern Arianism,”—and by some considered his best, was issued in 1843. Having characterized it elsewhere we need only add, that it is a masterly argument in defense of the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, which can never become obsolete till the dawning of

——“That day supreme,
When none his Godhead shall deny,—
His sovereign majesty blaspheme,—
Or count him less than the Most High.”

In the same year he began his publication of “Tracts for the Times,” which grew the next year into a monthly paper of unpretending size title and appearance, but the contents of which were exceedingly piquant. The origin and fate of this enterprise are set forth in a preceding chapter and need not be repeated.

But two years elapsed from this date, when in 1846 he became known to the public as the author of a work on Astronomy accompanied by large Astronomical Maps, the merits of which may be best inferred by their rapid sale and general use in the schools and academies of the land.

Following up this style of authorship so successfully begun, he soon after issued his *Elementary Astronomy*; in 1850 edited a new and improved edition of Burrit's *Geography of the Heavens*; and in 1853 brought out his *High School Astronomy*, all of which became favorites in educational circles, and gave to their author a national reputation. Rev. G. L. Taylor says, "His three or four works on Astronomy and Uranography, have done more than any other works ever published in this country, to bring down Astronomy from the clouds and popularize it as a study for youth in schools." The *Newark Daily Advertiser*, in an editorial on his death the day after its occurrence, contained this paragraph: "Dr. Mattison also devoted considerable attention to science, and his text books on Astronomy are well known and used throughout the country. In our schools and academies they are probably in more general use than any other books on the subject."

Next we find him associated with Professor J. B. Woodbury of New York in bringing out a music book, "*The Lute of Zion*." In his preface he says, "Although the

name of the writer appears in the title as having 'assisted' Prof. Woodbury, such assistance relates solely to the selections for the departments named, and to the getting out of the work. . . . It should be expressly understood that the writer makes no pretensions whatever in the department of music." That was doubtless true in 1853, but afterward he gave such attention to the subject as, guided by his native genius, and aided by members of his family, enabled him to compose several pieces of real merit and beauty. The original "Lute of Zion," became at once popular, and was extensively adopted by the choirs of our Churches, which led him to issue subsequently an enlarged edition, with the altered title of, "New Lute of Zion." This, like its predecessor, was largely patronized, and is still a favorite with many choirs.

His work on "Spirit Rappings," noticed in a previous chapter, was published in 1854 and had a wide circulation. Two years later his controversy with Dr. Perry occurred, being at first conducted through the columns of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, and afterward by means of pamphlets on either side, the successive issues of which were eagerly read, especially by the Methodist public. Of this controversy we have spoken more at length elsewhere.

A tune book "designed for use on all occasions of social worship," was published by him in 1859 under the name of "Sacred Melodies," and was happily adapted to the object intended.

In 1859 he sent forth his "Impending Crisis," a stout pamphlet of one hundred and thirty-six pages. No production of his pen ever equalled this in the cool daring of its facts and the impassioned eloquence of its appeals.

The next few years were the years of his sorest trials, in which his contributions to the press were confined chiefly to newspaper articles, till in 1864 he issued his "Minister's Pocket Manual," which in several important respects excelled all previous publications of the kind.

His work on the "Immortality of the Soul," bears date of the same year; and less than two years after he published his "Resurrection of the Body," the two volumes being of uniform size and style. These were the two most elaborate works of his life, and were intended to form part of a series which he was very ambitious to complete; but "God's ways are not as our ways." Of the former of these works we have already had occasion to speak; of the latter Bishop Simpson in his charming Introduction says: "I commend this volume to the Christian public for the research, ability, and fidelity displayed by the author. I believe it to be the best work now published in small compass for the information of the general reader."

During the same year, 1866, he also issued "Select Lessons from the Holy Scriptures," intended especially for the use of Sunday Schools in responsive reading, but equally convenient for use in general worship; and like-

wise his "Defense of American Methodism," the occasion of which has been stated in another place.

His timely treatise on "Popular Amusements" soon followed in 1867, and although of small size and unpretending claims, its wholesome influence was widely felt.

The year 1868 was the last of his life, and was perhaps the busiest, and the most prolific of results in the line of authorship. Besides editing and bringing through the press the work on "Perfect Love," he wrote and published "Mary Ann Smith," and a surprising number of other works on Romanism, from the tract of a few pages to the heavy pamphlet. The last of these was passing through the press at the time of his death. He was also engaged in writing a treatise on "Depravity in its Relation to entire Sanctification," and had prepared the outlines of several other works on great theological questions, but was stricken down in the midst of his cherished plans and activities.

But even this detailed account of his writings must fail to convey anything like a complete idea of his literary labors. If to the works enumerated there should be added his poetic effusions, some of them containing lines worthy even of a Bryant, and his numerous contributions to the periodical press both as editorials and correspondence, the list would be swelled by several stately volumes. Among the magazines and papers which at various times bore the impress of his almost ubiquitous pen, may be mentioned

the *National Magazine*, *Ladies Repository*, *Methodist Quarterly Review*, *Christian Advocate*, the *Northern*, *Western*, *North-western*, and *California Christian Advocates*, *Northern Independent*, *Zion's Herald*, and *Methodist*, besides others both within and without our own Church. Not unfrequently was he a contributor to one or more, perhaps several of them, while at the same time he was writing a book; attending to his stated duties as pastor; meeting engagements to lecture and preach special sermons; and promptly answering his numerous correspondents.

In addition to all this he prepared and published various Church and Sunday school requisites, as, "The Baptismal Covenant," "Full Membership Covenant," "The Apostles' Creed," "The Lord's Prayer," Rules of the School," etc., which he had printed in attractive form on cards of proper size. Nor should the circumstance be overlooked that he extensively advertised his various works, inviting orders from purchasers many of which were filled under his personal superintendence, and not unfrequently with his own hands.

The reader, no doubt, is ready to ask "How could he in so short a time accomplish so much"? We confess to no little embarrassment in attempting to answer the question. Well as we knew Dr. Mattison and his habits, he was to us in this respect a perpetual enigma, as we think he must have been to all his friends. The quickest way to dispose of the question would be to say that he was an ex-

traordinary man; but this would be to only shift the difficulty, since many extraordinary men have failed to accomplish, even in a much longer life, all that he achieved. The fact of his marvelously rapid execution in authorship, with its accompanying explanation, may be best given in the language of Rev. W. Hosmer, than whom no man perhaps had better opportunities of learning the hidden elements of his greatness. He says: "Few men could do as much work as he could or do it so well, though he never appeared to be in a hurry, and never complained of overwork. His editorial contributions were abundant. The fertility of his pen was amazing. I have never known his equal in that line. Nor was the rapidity with which he composed at all detrimental to the excellence of his writing, some of his best essays having been not only spontaneous and unpremeditated, but thrown off so quickly that I doubt if he long remembered that he ever wrote them." An incident furnished by Rev. J. S. Gilbert will serve as a further illustration of the same thing. Dr. Mattison having written his famous rejoinder to Father Doane, as narrated in the last chapter of part first, said to Mr. Gilbert who was in waiting for it: "There, you have seen what few Methodists preachers have, that is, how I write. When I have anything to write, I just write it—go ahead, and only write once, never revise or change."

It is plain that Dr. Mattison possessed a large constitutional aptness for composition, and though his penmanship

was neither rapid nor elegant, yet, being guided at once, by a sort of intuition, to those lines of thought and forms of expression best suited to the subject before him, he much earlier reached the conclusion of his work, than many who think and write with more rapidity but less certainty, thereby obliging a frequent revision of their first imperfect compositions. He thus exemplified in a remarkable degree the terse old adage, "Make haste slowly."

To this natural aptness he added a strict economy of time. With him life was more than a "fleeting show;" it was a fleeting reality. He cherished a profound conviction that God had given him a great work to do for humanity, and a short time in which to do it. Hence his plans were deep and broad, embracing not only a great variety of objects, but his entire life-time even in its smallest divisions. To him "vacation" was a stranger, and even the pleasure of visiting friends was foregone, except as such pleasure was the plain dictate of duty. Being called to marry his son, Henry K. Mattison, he went to Barryville, New York, August 17, 1868, to perform that service, which he did the next day. All the son's filial affection and pride were awakened by the presence of the father in his new, rural home, and he earnestly besought him to remain a few days for needed rest and recuperation. Most men weary from the heat, and excitement, and toil of city life, would have yielded to the fascination of that sequestered

spot, with its brooks and lakes, its fishes and birds; but though he felt it all, there was a "higher law" that must determine his course. "No, I cannot stay," he said; "I have not a moment's time to spare. But a short time is left for me to live, and I have more work on my hauds than I can do."


This reply to the tender entreaties of filial veneration and love, was made at a time when he who uttered it was compelled by his extreme physical exhaustion, to rest upon a lounge during a portion of the single day which he reluctantly stole from his many pressing engagements elsewhere.

Did he shorten his days by these unremitting exertions? Very possibly; yet he was so constituted that work was his recreation, activity his life. In no narrow sense he could re-affirm the experience of his Master before him, "My meat and my drink is to do the will of him that sent me." It is doubtful if an enforced activity would not have produced a greater chafing to life than his incessant over-working, as it seemed to some of his friends, but which to him was a simple mingling of duty and pleasure. Nothing would have tried his graces so much as a long-continued disability to labor; and that which the Church has been wont to look upon as a singularly brief illness and a strangely sudden death, was but the wise and gracious ordering of him who "needeth not that any should testify of man, for he knoweth what is in

man." In the letter of Rev. J. S. Gilbert a remark of Dr. Mattison's is quoted which contains the motto of his life. He says, "The next Sabbath, June 21st, he spent in Newark preaching in Union St., at night. He also speke to our Sabbath-school in the afternoon. I called to see him at the place where he dined, and asked him to come and see our school. He responded at once, saying, **'WE MUST WORK HERE AND REST HEREAFTER.'**"

CHAPTER V.

DIVERSITY OF GIFTS.

EW men are great in many things. As a rule greatness is confined to some one particular line of thought or action, or at most to a very small number. In general men are endowed by nature with a genius for certain kinds of employment in which they may achieve success, but beyond which they are almost sure to fail. Hence it is deemed of the highest importance for parents to study well the peculiar aptitude of mind in their children for certain pursuits, before marking out their future course of life. A mistake at this point has often made life a drudgery, nay worse, an utter failure.

Rarely does the world see a universal genius; but there was something like an approach to it in our versatile subject. He was such "a man" as Solomon describes, who, "through desire, having separated himself seeketh and intermedleth with all wisdom." Not only could he

do many things, but he was accustomed to do them well. And herein appeared the breadth of his genius, without which he never could have succeeded as he did, in his manifold undertakings. Mere talent, which depends so largely upon a high mental training, must have proved insufficient to work out results so varied and excellent.

In his boyhood, as the reader has learned from the first chapter, he displayed unusual inventive genius and mechanical skill; and had he chosen an artizan's life his success, we think, would have been assured. Many will recollect how much at home he was on the subject of church architecture, of which he gave such ample proof in a series of articles contributed to the *National Magazine*, and how successfully his views were applied in several church building enterprises of which he had personal supervision. His large "Astronomical Maps," drawn by his own unpracticed hand, and evincing no small degree of originality, justify the conclusion that his artistic skill, properly cultivated, would have given him an honorable place among practitioners of the liberal arts. As a speaker he excelled, whether on the platform, in the pulpit, or on the floor of debate; whether addressing a deliberative body, a mass convention, or a Sunday-school. Speaking to a Sabbath-school in Newark a few months before his death, he said, "Your superintendent has taken me at my weakest point in asking me to talk to the children," a remark which at once showed his deep in-

terest in children, and playfully told of his ability to entertain and instruct them. Nor did he evince less skill in addressing adult assemblies in regard to the Sunday-school work, as is vividly remembered by those who attended the various Conventions and Institutes at which he spoke. His lectures on Astronomy, and sundry other subjects gave proof of his superior talent for that style of address, while his speeches on the floor of three successive General Conferences, and the many before his own Annual Conference, demonstrated his large powers of debate. His addresses at Conference Anniversaries, as on other similiar occasions, showed how happily fitted he was to the platform; and in his preaching he eminently met the three important conditions of "gifts, grace, and usefulness."

The wide range of his pulpit talents was evidenced by the great variety of topics with which he entertained his congregations, and his readiness to meet the demands of all occasions small and great, ordinary and special. "In his own pulpit he was always heard from on every living question of the hour, and no Methodist pulpit in New York had more influence. His Thanksgiving day sermons were generally as fully reported, often more so, in the daily press, than those of any other pulpit, and they deserved it, as examination shows."* With but few exceptions, none of our chief ministers were called upon

* Rev. G. L. Taylor.

more frequently to lay corner stones and dedicate churches, or to take a prominent part in the services; and rarely did he fail of success on such occasions either in the preaching or the financial management. Rev. A. E. Ballard writes thus of his visits to the District over which he has presided the last four years: "He came down to Bridgeton District during the Centenary year upon the invitation of Rev. C. H. Whitecar, then presiding elder, and delivered in the prominent towns of the District a number of speeches which are still remembered by the people as among the finest to which they had listened. The press lauded them highly, and the most cultivated men of all denominations as well as the common people, could not say too much in their praise. He frequently came down to preach the dedicatory sermons for our churches. On these occasions his services were almost invaluable. The preaching was of the ablest and most attractive character; the plans for raising money were as nearly perfect as possible; and the manner in which they were carried out was incomparable.

The Central Chapel at Bridgeton, and the church at Tuckahoe were among those to which he contributed efficient service, and among whose people his name will not soon be forgotten."

To facilitate the financial efforts of such occasions, he kept on hand printed slips containing detailed suggestions to the pastors and officers of the Churches, one or more of

which he sent by mail for their use preparatory to his own arrival—a plan which showed his business-like habits, and often produced the happiest effects upon the collections. His varied powers as a speaker are described as follows by one whose well-merited celebrity in the same relation, must give more than ordinary weight to his testimony: “Dr. Mattison was a very eloquent man, and was susceptible of being wrought up by his emotion to the very highest degree. Western New York is full of traditions of his eloquence on great occasions, in open air meetings and at dedications of churches as well as in times of revival. In debate he had a happy manner of mingling logic with appeals to the emotional nature which is quite unusual. An address delivered by him before the New York Preachers’ Meeting on the subject of ‘Protracted Meetings’ will be remembered by all who heard it as illustrating this remark; an address which, though I could not concur in its main doctrine, impressed me strongly as an able and eloquent production. The brief address delivered by Dr. Mattison at the funeral of Dr. S. Y. Monroe in Camden, N. J., was also of its kind most appropriate, touching, and sublimely eloquent; and was greatly blessed to the consolation and strengthening of the family bereaved by that mysterious dispensation.”*

His genius for music and poetry is thus estimated by the same friend: “He was no mean musician and com-

* Rev. J. M. Buckley.

posed and published many excellent pieces. He had many of the elements of a poet, and at his funeral the second hymn was of his own composition, of which a poet of considerable reputation said that "there were passages in it equal to anything in *Thanatopsis*." Another, already several times quoted, makes the following statement in which Dr. Mattison's deep interest in music, his talent for composing it, and his unaffected simplicity in performing it among and with the people, are pleasantly blended: "For several years past he had visited Southern New Jersey at least once in each year. He enjoyed the camp-meetings and took an almost boyish delight in mingling among the members of the Church as they were gathered in small groups to sing. He blended his fine and finely cultivated powers with their untrained voices, and when his delicate ear would catch some new musical intonation from the rapt expression of the singers, his eyes would fairly flash with pleasure, while the waves of religious feeling as they flowed from the associated devotion of himself and the people, would suffuse the same eyes with triumphant tears. His music largely gave tone to the camp-meeting exercises, and added very much to their effectiveness." The productions of his pen were marked by the same astonishing variety as the uses to which he applied his voice. He could write well on almost all classes of subjects, theological, scientific, and literary; abstruse or plain; metaphysical or practical;

grave or amusing. "Books seemed to grow like spontaneous productions out of every subject he took in hand; he talked books and wrote books almost without knowing it." Pamphlets, tracts, magazine articles, and newspaper correspondence of all varieties, flowed from his busy pen with most surprising rapidity, naturalness, and ease. Rev. J. M. Buckley writing of his versatility, says, "He could lecture on science, preach, entertain a company with anecdote, debate, write a grave treatise or a playful narrative for children; and could turn from one subject to another without any loss of momentum or interest."

In business ability and tact he was excelled by few. The acquisition of extensive wealth would have been almost certain had he devoted himself to secular pursuits. As it was he accumulated a handsome estate by which his surviving family are placed above embarrassment, a result due to his energy and good management. Beginning his itinerant life in very moderate circumstances which continued several years, he at length so "gathered" as to have something "over," and his capital steadily increased year after year to the last. This increase resulted chiefly from the sale of his many publications, concerning which it has been said "that everything he ever published small or great was remunerative."* He wrote the contracts between his publishers and himself with his own hand; and a few years before his death being in unusually feeble

* The same is also affirmed to be true of John Wesley's writings.


health he in the same way prepared his "last will and testament." It was a model of brevity and simplicity. When he became convinced that he could live but a short time, he requested that his friend, S. B. Ransom Esq., might be sent for, who on coming and examining the will pronounced it correct in every particular.

Did not the man who could do all this and do it so successfully, possess a rare "diversity of gifts"? St. Paul uses this phrase to denote the varied endowments of the Corinthian Church regarded collectively, no individual possessing more than one, or at most a very few of the gifts designated in the context. And this has been the rule in all ages with respect to both human and divine endowments.

But there met in the one person of our distinguished subject a "Diversity of Gifts," which, industriously cultivated and used, fitted him for a far wider range of thought, activity, and usefulness, than is possible to most men.

CHAPTER VI.

SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

 R. MATTISON'S grave demeanor, coupled with his severe attention to work, not unfrequently led to a misconception of his real character in social and domestic life. In fact some who only saw him without enjoying his acquaintance, were wont to regard him as greatly deficient in the very qualities for which he was remarkable. With no show of effort to make himself agreeable, he at once interested all who came within the circle of his influence. No one could be in his presence even for a short time, without being made to feel at home; and to engage him in free conversation—by no means difficult—was to be drawn toward him as “with cords of a man.” Any one knowing him well who should attempt to delineate his character, would certainly not fail to present his social disposition, with the warmth and sincerity of his friendship as among his more prominent traits. No man ever more heartily despised caste;

yet no one ever more enjoyed, or more sedulously cultivated special friendships. Of this the Master's example was a sufficient justification, for while he loved all his disciples, there were special occasions concerning which it is written, "he took with him Peter, James, and John." Dr. Mattison's friendship was not a blind devotion, but a frank, manly, discriminating attachment, which admitted the freest expression of thought by both himself and his friends; it was hence strong and abiding. Dr. William G. Lord writes thus: "My house was generally his home when he visited Newark; I had his confidence, and our friendship from our first acquaintance (in 1839) was mutual. I had frequent conversations with him about leaving the Church during the years that he strayed, and advised and strongly urged him to return. At one of these interviews on the subject, perhaps the last, when I called at his house in New York more than a year before he came back, he said it was his purpose to do so, remarking that his health was too feeble, and I added, 'life too short,' for him to establish an independent Church."

Lying before us—if a personal allusion may be allowed—are three letters written by Dr. Mattison at different times to the author. They are cited to illustrate, by one instance out of many, that honest unselfish sincerity of friendship in him which neither time nor change could impair. The first is dated New York, Sept. 26, 1853, and contains sentences like the following: "I have just

finished reading your sermon on the death of Mrs. Freeman, and must be allowed to say that I am pleased, much pleased with it. If there were any points where criticism might pause and query they would probably be : 1. A slight *repetition* 2. On page 9, you speak of 'probationary trial.' Could you not improve the sentence? As the page now stands there is a slight want of method and perspicuity. But in regard to method I am perhaps too rigid. 3. I have only to add a query as to the word 'barring' page 21. Is it not rather too *legal* for a funeral discourse? Well, that is all of criticism. I see much to commend and my heart says, 'May you live and preach and write a thousand years' "! The candor of a friendship which could dictate sentences like these was equalled only by its warmth. After this the force of circumstances led to long years of non-intercourse, except an occasional meeting in person, and a brief newspaper discussion, kindly, though frankly conducted on either side; but no changes of location, not even a separation of ecclesiastical relations, could quench the glow of his hearty sincere friendship. Hence in a letter written twelve years after the above and dated New York, August 9, 1865, he begins by saying, "I write you as an old friend."

The most of this has been given in a previous chapter. In taking up the third letter referred to, very tender memories are awakened, it having been received but two

weeks before his death. It was written in reply to an order for books and bears date of Jersey City, November 7, 1868. After speaking of the books he says, "I was glad to hear from you aside from the order—have wanted to write you ever since Conference. . . . We all join in a strong invitation to you and your wife to visit us. Let us know a week before that I may be at home. I am toiling as heretofore. . . . My work is too absorbing for me. The *facts* that I am constantly learning stir my very soul and wear upon my nerves and health. I am alarmed for the future of my country, especially when I see the apathy over the spread of Romanism."

Dr. Mattison like most other men in his position had his circle of special friends, but unlike some who claim greatness, he was far from being cold and indifferent toward the many outside of that circle. He had a warm heart, a ready tongue, and an open hand for all. An intelligent layman of Sussex County, New Jersey, Mr. Peter H. Hough, who saw Dr. Mattison for the first time at the dedication of the Tranquility church, in speaking of the occasion afterward, said to the writer, "I was surprised to find him so sociable. We dined at the same house, which gave me an opportunity to be in his company, and though at first I was somewhat afraid to approach him, it was not long before I felt perfectly easy in his presence, and we chatted together with all the familiarity of old acquaintances. So free was he to reply to all my questions, that I forgot his superiority

over myself, except by the wisdom of his answers." The letter of Rev. J. S. Gilbert, so largely quoted from elsewhere, contains this beautiful paragraph: "He remained with me over night where I boarded. One incident will never fade from the memory of that family. There was a little girl in the house by the name of Lizzie, only about ten years of age. Dr. Mattison led our family devotions; prayed for all; but prayed with much earnestness for the little girl, speaking at some length of the temptations and dangers of youth. The lady of the house said afterward, 'I almost feared to have so distinguished a man stop with us, but he is as plain and good as can be; no pride and no airs.'" This presents a fair specimen of Dr. Mattison's intercourse with the families he visited, whether as a stranger or a pastor, and of the impression which he was accustomed to leave behind.

Besides these illustrations we give the testimony of those whose knowledge of his social nature and habits qualifies them to write intelligently respecting them. Speaking of his *simplicity* Rev. W. Hosmer says, "I use the term to express that naturalness which was so inseparable from him. He was by many supposed to be full of artifice, and always planning ambitiously for himself, or intriguingly for the accomplishment of some favorite if not sinister scheme. But this was the very reverse of his character. There was no artifice or concealment about the man. A childlike simplicity and frankness pervaded all his conduct.

Never was there a more transparent nature. He kept nothing back from his friends, and even his enemies injured him more by the confidence which he had placed in them and they had betrayed, than they could in any other way." In a subsequent paragraph he adds: "He was entirely unpretending, and in his presence the veriest child felt at ease. No one ever possessed a kinder or more affectionate spirit; no one ever bore himself more humbly and yet always with manly grace."

Rev. J. M. Buckley after describing various interesting phases of his character continues thus:

"I will now speak of his social qualities. He was in my judgment a very good natured man. I never saw an indication of peevishness or ill nature in him though I have seen him under circumstances of great provocation. He abounded in sympathy for young men, was never too busy to see them, always ready to talk with them and to give them good advice. It was delightful to hear him discourse at his own table, in his study, or when with a few friends in any convenient place. Here many persons who had obtained the idea that he was a harsh, austere, malevolent man have been undeceived. There are few more genial, warm-hearted, or tender-hearted men than was this same Dr. Mattison. His accessibility to all classes was in pleasant contrast with the reserve and *hauteur* which characterize not a few of far less talent and distinction than himself."

Dr. Mattison's domestic life is worthy of careful study and justly claims more than a passing notice. In the privacy of his own home circle he exhibited the noble qualities of his nature; and of all places in the world, this is the very best for estimating correctly a man's true character. If one placed at the head of a large family but meets with fidelity his home responsibilities, fulfilling his various obligations to those who are made dependent upon him, and bearing in patience the necessary trials of his situation—such a man is as much “better than he that taketh a city,” as “ruling” a household in all that pertains to a true Christian education, is better than *simply* “ruling” one's own “spirit.”

Dr. Mattison's home was a happy one—made such in no small degree by his own cheerful, genial, devout spirit. He was too much devoted to work, to mingle largely in the social enjoyments of the family; yet nothing delighted him more than to unbend himself from study to sport with his younger children, or to gratify his love of music by joining with the older ones in sacred song. Often when bending over some exhausting manuscript, the sound of their voices mingling with some sweet piano accompaniment, would arrest his busy pen and attract his tall form to the happy parlor group. No father ever loved his children more, or ever more enjoyed their love, respect, and confidence in return, a fact which speaks volumes in proof of the goodness of his home life.

Perhaps there is no more fitting connection than the present in which to write particularly of Dr. Mattison's *religious* character; since if a man's piety will not stand the test of a home scrutiny it is of but little account elsewhere. The following emphatic testimony from Rev. J. M. Buckley cannot fail to interest the reader. "I believe Dr. Mattison to have been a very pious man during the last five years of his life. I restrict the statement to these years, because I did not know him intimately during any other period. Certain it is that no man within my circle of acquaintance, was ever more ready to converse on spiritual subjects or alluded to his own personal experience more touchingly. And in family devotion where too many are dead and cold, repeating a dull form day after day, his heart always overflowed and his words were ever new. I am well satisfied that he grew visibly in grace every month of his life for years before his death, and when I had the honor to be in his company his spirit and conversation were such as to leave on a mind naturally too prone to disparage the evidences of high degrees of piety, an exalted impression of his religious character."

From January 1st, 1850, till the close of his life, Dr. Mattison was accustomed to put on record each year an "Inventory of Possessions," a habit which not only illustrates his methodical turn of mind, but which also, as the reader will presently see, incidentally reveals to us what his living lips can no longer express,—his deep sense of the

divine goodness and his devout consecration of himself to God. In the later years of his life he kept no journal save this annual record, which was manifestly designed for private use only; but on this account it is all the more valuable as an illustration of his interior religious life. At the time he began this record his real and personal property had increased, from very small beginnings, to nearly ten thousand dollars, whereupon he appends to the inventory this devout prayer: "Great God! Help me to obey thee, and if riches increase never set my heart upon them. Make me rich in good works and faith, and help me to

'Set my affections all above,

And lay up all my treasure there.' AMEN.

H. MATTISON."

Passing on to 1854 we find this grateful record: "From the above it seems that I have gained some—dollars since January 1st, 1852, mostly from my books. But better than all else, I trust I am better off in *religion* than for many years past. Thanks be unto God! 'And blessed be his holy name forever, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen.' This year if God spare me I will give more than ever before, and so on from year to year till my work here is done. H. MATTISON."

The next year he writes thus: "Thanks be to God that I yet live and have food and raiment, the means of grace and the hope of glory. The past has been a good

year to my soul. Keep me, O, my God, unto thy eternal kingdom. Amen.

H. MATTISON."

In 1856 he appended the following: "Again I record with gratitude the goodness of the Lord. Shall I look upon this record in January 1857? If not, may I be in heaven through infinite mercy in Jesus Christ.

H. MATTISON."

One year later he made this touching entry: "Thanks be to God not for temporal blessings only, but above all for *life* and the hope of heaven. I find my strength failing—soreness and pain in left breast—think more than probable this may be my last record. Am I ready to go? Great God! Bless thy poor child, thy unprofitable servant, and at last take me through infinite mercy to dwell with thee forever. Amen and Amen.

H. MATTISON."

In 1858, after stating his net gain for the year, he wrote: "It thus appears that this year, unlike the one preceding, the Lord has added to my earthly possessions; though my expenses have been great, and I have used money freely for the cause of human freedom. My health is better than it was a year ago. Thanks be to God for life and all its mercies. May I have grace to act in all things as a good steward of God's manifold grace to me. Amen.

H. MATTISON."

The year previous to this record he had been stationed at Syracuse where he bestowed labor and expense without stint upon the colored population, and otherwise exerted

himself in behalf of the cause which lay so near his heart. His anti-slavery zeal employed his soul body and purse.

The showing of the inventory one year after was quite different, yet his cheerful trust in God was not in the least disturbed as the subjoined record proves: "And here I still am a monument of God's great mercy. Though I have declined about—dollars in possessions, yet I feel no concern. To God be all the praise. Amen."

Passing over several years the record of 1864 is worthy of special note: "With gratitude and praise to God for his unmerited forbearance and mercy, I write *one inventory more!* Thank God, I think less and less of earth and its glittering vanities. Glory be to God alone. Amen!

H. M."

The next year he wrote thus: "How good has the Lord been to me! I yet live to care for my dear family and preach his word, and have *all I want* (thank God!) of this world's goods. All glory be to God forever! Amen!

H. MATTISON."

In 1866 we find the following: "An eventful year has passed. My dear old *Mother* is of earth no more. Still I again record my gratitude to God who still spares my life and grants me so much of earthly happiness. Above all I praise him for the hope of heaven when all my years are fled. Amen!

H. MATTISON."

His last inventory is dated Jersey City, January 1, 1868, and is followed as usual by a devout expression of his

Christian feelings: "Once more I record my sense of God's goodness and mercy to me. He has given me another happy, and I trust, useful year in this world of sin and death; and better than all I humbly trust that I am even better prepared for death and heaven than I was a year ago. And here I renew my covenant with God to serve him, and to be his forever. Amen! H. MATTISON."

Can any one read these annual memoranda without admiring their beautiful simplicity, and having his heart touched by their expressions of deep religious fervor? We have read them in manuscript over and over, but never without strong emotion and an increased admiration of the man from whose heart and pen they emanated. They clearly show what was the type of Dr. Mattison's piety. It was wholly free from cant; was marked by deep humility of spirit; an all pervading sense of the divine goodness; a profound conviction of his utter unworthiness; a heartfelt gratitude to God for his manifold mercies; and most of all by a lively unwavering trust in the blood of atonement for present and eternal salvation.

Such a piety gave him an abiding sense of acceptance with God through Christ, and a conscious preparation day by day to live or die. His, by consequence, was a happy religious experience. As these annual records prove, it was a deeper, richer, sweeter experience in the privacy of his own consciousness, than even his joyful though always modest expressions of it in public — were wont to

indicate. He knew and exemplified what Mr. Wesley meant by "walking in eternity." Living thus, abroad and at home, his unexpected death was but a pleasant surprise.

Without needless delay we shall introduce the reader to the impressive incidents preceding and attending that event. It was an event neither coveted nor dreaded by him; for he was never weary of life though a great sufferer, nor in the least alarmed at the approach of death, though ardently desirous of a longer time in which to perfect his plans.

So fully had the orderings of Providence taught him the duty of submission, and so thoroughly had he learned the lesson of acquiescence, that, like the Master amid his passion agonies, and sweat, and blood, he could say in life or in death—"Nevertheless, not as I will but as thou wilt."

CHAPTER VII.

A BRILLIANT SUNSET.

“How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene !
Such is the Christians parting hour ;
So peacefully he sinks to rest ;
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.”



IN the death of Dr. Mattison with its attendant circumstances there was more than a realization of this vivid poetic picture. The event was hastened by overwork and exposure. “The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up,” found in him a literal accomplishment. True to his philanthropic impulses, and still intensely recognizing the universal brotherhood of men, all his generous sympathies were drawn out by the struggle of a small, weak congregation of colored people to build for themselves a church in the city of his home. To encourage them in their enterprise he

consented to act as a trustee and otherwise to aid them. Already his duties as Secretary of the American and Foreign Christian Union were more than equal to his failing strength, yet when remonstrated with by his friends against consenting to this additional care and labor, his answer was, "I do not expect to live long, but I wish to see these poor people worshipping God in a church of their own before I go hence." It is believed that in attending a fair held by them in behalf of their enterprise, he took the cold which terminated in the disease of which he died.

For some weeks previous to his death there seemed to be a foreshadowing of his approaching end. He was unusually devout in his family worship and talked much of dying. Three days before his sickness began, being very feeble, when chided for fondling his youngest child, a little girl seven years old, by carrying her down stairs, he made the sad reply, "She will not have a Pa long."

He spent his last Sabbath of active labor in Newark, preaching in St. Paul's church, and warning the large assembly of the fearful encroachments of Romanism. With all the honesty and earnestness of a dying man he said, "I may not live a year, but you will live to see a fierce conflict between Popery and Protestantism, like the late struggle between slavery and freedom!"

On the next day, having first attended the Newark Preachers' Meeting, he visited the jail and took the depo-

sition of one of the traducers of Mary Ann Smith, imprisoned for crime. The perjurer now swore that his former testimony in court to her infamy, was an utter falsehood concerning a person he had never seen, and for which he was paid by her former priest. This was the last public act of Dr. Mattison's life.

On Monday evening we follow him to his home, his last entrance there. The venerable Henry Boehm was awaiting his arrival. "Why, Father Boehm," he exclaimed "I am glad to see you;" and such was the warm, cordial greeting which Dr. Mattison was accustomed to give his friends at his own home. Soon a change comes over him; nature is weary and worn—worn out. He talks but little. Fearing Father Boehm might feel neglected his wife called his attention to it. He arose, and grasping his hand said to him, "Father Boehm, you will excuse me for being so quiet; I do not feel able to talk." All who know the dear old man can readily imagine his reply.

On Tuesday morning the family physician came, pronounced the disease pneumonia, and enjoined strict quietness. But his "ruling passion, strong in death," would not allow him to keep his bed or room. A work on Romanism, just finished, was now going through the press, and he was busy writing another on "Depravity in Relation to Entire Sanctification." He must work on that; and so each day he would pass into his study, the

adjoining room, and bid his weary pen record the thoughts that struggled in his soul for utterance. During most of this time no danger of a fatal result was apprehended. The doctor gave daily assurance of his recovery; the patient himself was hopeful though not sanguine, and his visiting brethren regarded his chances as favorable. The Sabbath came; he had ceased to write, but had said to his wife, "Leave those papers and books just as you see them." The papers were the manuscript of the work he was composing; the books were Wesley's Notes, a volume of Wesley's Sermons, and a volume of Watson's Institute's, each opened and laid face down, with the passages marked which he intended to quote. It is not an insignificant fact that the last human authors consulted by him were Wesley and Watson, from whom chiefly we derive our theology—a theology of which Dr. Mattison was ever a bold and able defender.

On the evening of this day he insisted that his wife, exhausted by continuous watching, should go down and take some tea leaving the hired girls to remain with him. "Now girls," he said, "I must go into my study once more. Bessie take hold of my arm and assist me a little to keep me from falling;" and slowly he was led through and seated in a large chair before the cheerful grate. How happy was he at that moment in sight of his books again! He turns and carefully surveys the long rows of volumes shelf by shelf, looks at his desk, gazes upon his

sermons and other papers, glances at the waste-basket, and then laying his head back and closing his eyes, he sits with folded arms in thought and silent prayer. The pause seems long, the silence becomes oppressive, when he breaks it by saying, "Now, girls, take me back."

On Monday he was visited by Rev. John Campbell, who, after some preliminary conversation, said, "Doctor, I am sorry to see you so poorly, but you know whom you have believed;" to which, with a pleasant but earnest look, he replied, "Yes, I settled that point satisfactorily many years ago, and have no more doubt of it now than that my name is Mattison."

On Tuesday morning about two o'clock he prevailed on his wife to take a little rest by lying down beside him on the bed. "How long," he asked, "have we lived together?" to which she replied, "Twenty-six years." He smiled and said, "My dear you have forgotten, it is twenty-seven years." He then spoke of their happy life, and of the long years of bodily suffering through which he had passed, and added, "But now I am going to leave you." When she wept, and expressed her deep anguish at the thought of his dying, he said plaintively, "Would you keep me here longer, when I am almost through my sufferings?" After a time she arose and stood beside his bed, her hand pressing his brow wet with the perspiration of approaching death, and her heart convulsed with grief. He sought to quiet her agitation,

and offered up a prayer, never to be forgotten, that his wife and children, with himself, might form an unbroken family in heaven. He then gave directions concerning his funeral: "I am a plain man," he said, "and wish to be buried in a plain way. Take me to Oswego and bury me beside my mother. Don't put on mourning for me." When she stated her own wishes he meekly acquiesced by saying, "Do as you think best; I leave it with you." He asked for water, and after receiving it said, "How refreshing! it is like the water that flows from the fountain of life."

The earthly tabernacle was now about to be dissolved; the immortal spirit struggled for release from its clay prison-house. "Call the children," he said, "I am going soon; I feel there are wings all around me; I am going up; I feel myself going, going up; glory! glory! I am almost through my sufferings, almost through. Don't do as many others do, weep and mourn over my departure, but think how happy I shall be. Don't think of me as buried, but in Paradise."

He had often expressed a wish to die in the quiet of his own home, with all his family around him. Aware of this desire, his eldest daughter at home, after he had become apparently unconscious, and when it was feared he would never speak again, said to him, placing her mouth close to his ear, "Pa, we are all here;" to which he responded, "Well," and sweetly smiled. O, well indeed!

What a fulness of meaning was crowded into that brief monosyllable! It told of a grandly useful life, and of a death sublimely victorious, and seemed to be an echo in advance of that ravishing plaudit of eternity, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." At the hour of two in the afternoon he slept in Jesus.

The moment of his departure was attended by a phenomenon too remarkable to be omitted. "The dying man's eyes suddenly opened widely with an intense look upward, and a brightness fell upon his face like a sudden gleam of sunshine from an open window. So vivid was this light that every eye in the room instantly turned to see if a shutter had not swung open; but all were closed and the room was shaded. They turned to the bed and all saw with a deep thrill of amazement, a transparent, vapor-like body, resembling a luminous cloud rising with the departing brightness from the dying visage. . . . 'God's glory smote him in the face;' and thus in the last instant of his exit from time, he was permitted wondrously to intimate to human eyes that life of the spirit beyond the death of the body, of which he so eloquently spoke and wrote."*

The funeral took place in the Trinity M. E. church, Jersey City, on Thursday afternoon, November 26th. Although the exercises occurred on the day set apart for national thanksgiving, and therefore devoted to domestic

* Memorial Sermon by Rev. G. L. Taylor.

enjoyment, the church was filled to repletion by a large number of ministers and people. Services having been held at the residence of the deceased, the procession at half-past two o'clock arrived at the church, and the remains of the lamented servant of God were slowly borne up the aisle, and placed in front of the pulpit from which he so often discoursed. There was a large number of pall-bearers, consisting of well known ministers and laymen. Rev. G. H. Whitney, the pastor of the church, opened the exercises by announcing the 642d hymn :

"Jesus whils our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death hath won."

Rev. G. L. Taylor offered prayer, and was followed by Rev. Mr. Peake, of the Reformed Church, who read appropriate selections of Scripture, observing : " These passages are of Dr. Mattison's own selection, and are chosen as he did everything, well."

Rev. J. M. Buckley then said : " A sad and solemn interest attaches to the hymn I am about to read, from the fact that these words and the music are the last which our friend composed. They were prepared as a hymn of consolation on the occasion of the death of Mr. Charles W. Simpson, son of the Rev. Bishop Simpson."

We give the first and last verses of the hymn :

" They are going, only going
Out of pain and into bliss ;
Out of sad and sinful weakness
Into perfect holiness."

Snowy brows, no care shall shade them ;
 Bright eyes, tears shall never dim
 Rosy lips, no time shall fade them ;
 Jesus called them unto Him.

.
 " When the toils of life are over,
 Tears and sickness, care and pain,
 In the land unknown to sorrow,
 May we meet them all again ;
 And beyond that final river,
 Where the tears are wiped away,
 Spend with them a long forever
 In the land of perfect day."

After the singing Rev. Mr. Whitney spoke thus :

" Time does not permit that the many who would wish to say a word should utter even a single sentence here to-day. This affliction falls upon us all—our hearts are full. Among the dying requests of our dear departed brother, was one that the Rev. Dr. Burchard and the Rev. Dr. Tyng, Sr., should assist in the exercises at his funeral. The Rev. Dr. Burchard assured me that if it were possible he would be here this afternoon, but doubted whether he could come and wished me to say to this audience that no man stood higher in his esteem than Dr. Mattison. The Rev. Dr. Tyng I have expected here until a few moments ago. I have received a letter, in which he says it is utterly impossible for him to be with us, and wishes me to convey to the brethren in the ministry and to this congregation these words : ' I beg you to assure the brethren and the congregation of my very sincere re-

gret at my inability to be with them, and of my high esteem and cordial love for our departed brother as a Christian man and minister of the Church of God.' ”

A want of space permits us to give only the closing portion of Rev. Dr. Foster's able and eloquent address which followed. He said :

“ Among all the men within the circle of our acquaintance, can we fix our thoughts upon one single man whose heart more fully sympathized with the great work in which the world is engaged now, in all its sacred aspects, than he who lies there in that coffin? Had not God qualified him especially to bear a great and noble hand in this divine work, by filling his heart with love for it, a fervent zeal, glowing in his bosom and upon his lips until the very last moment—until he came in from the field of his labor, and stretched himself out upon that bed of death? Among us all, there was no heart more earnestly engaged in everything that related to the kingdom of Jesus Christ than his. God has rarely committed to his servants more diversity of talent, a greater versatility of power, adaptation to all occasions and to all opportunities, readiness to enter into every open door of every kind in all the struggles and conflicts that are going on. But God had accomplished all he wanted to by him. He himself had made him great and noble, and prepared him for the eternal society, for the blissful realm, for the companionship of the good. He was ready to go in and

be with his Lord. God could raise other workers to do the work. The work was accomplished to its end, and a voice spake out of the heavens, that was not heard by the ears of the people, but was heard in the chamber in Sussex street, 'Servant of God, well done! Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things;' and Dr. Mattison passed away from the ranks of toil and labor to join the shining throng of the glorified and ransomed in heaven.

"Could we lift that veil, we should see a diadem, a crown of glory upon his brow, and a palm of victory in his hand. 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!'"

Rev. Dr. Scudder one of the chief Secretaries of the American and Foreign Christian Union gave a brief address a part of which has been presented elsewhere. We append the following:

"Last Saturday a week ago, we met in our office for the last time. We were both to preach in the same city on the next day. He said to me: 'Brother Scudder, we are going to do the same service in Newark; now let us have a little emulation. Tell them that Dr. Mattison is going to present the cause in the M. E. Church, and I will tell them that you are going to present the cause in the First Presbyterian church. See if we cannot arouse a spirit of emulation, and see who can do the most for this cause.' I have not seen him since. He has beaten me, and has

gone up to get his reward. Oh! may we follow him as he followed Christ!"

The last address was given by Rev. L. R. Dunn. Referring to his deep interest in the colored people of Jersey City, and his address at the fair then lately held by them, he said :

"Though not present, some remarks he made on that occasion were reported to me which I regard as fitting to be referred to on this occasion. He said to the people assembled there: 'I expect to spend the rest of my days in this city; I do not know that I shall live long, but I want to live long enough to see the object for which this fair is held accomplished.'

"The news came to me, and fell with sadness upon my heart, that he was very ill. I hastened down to his residence, and saw him pale, emaciated, feeble, and suffering greatly. We talked together about his sickness; I endeavored to speak hopefully to him. He remarked to me: 'For the sake of my family, and some unfinished work that I have on hand, I would like to live yet a little while,' the tears gathering in his eyes as he spoke; 'but, if my work is done, I feel that my way is clear, that I have made my peace with God, and that all is right: I have no fears, no doubts, no concern.' We prayed together, and at the conclusion of the prayer, as well as during its utterance, he spoke his clear 'Amen,' as you have heard it many a time. I called again on Saturday

morning. He was better; the disease was broken; there was every prospect at that time of returning health. We all rejoiced together; we felt that the great difficulty was passed, and that, in a few short days, he would be engaged in his duties again. He had an engagement to meet on the morrow evening, and requested me to take his place, saying: 'When I get better, if you have more labor upon your hands than you can attend to, I will endeavor to assist you.' I promised him that I would try and do as he wished. He thought then of recovery, but though the disease was broken, he had not strength to rally from the debilitating effects of it, and sunk down from sheer exhaustion into the arms of death. I have been greatly impressed with some lines of poetry that he quoted on the occasion of the death of the Rev. Samuel Y. Monroe only a short time since. And this reminds me how God is speaking to this Church. Within two short years, two of those who have been your pastors have been suddenly called away; and how it speaks to us who were connected with him in the ministry, in Conference relations, in spreading abroad the Gospel in the world, to be ready, to be up and doing, for the night cometh when none of us can work. As he stood on the occasion referred to, as I am standing here, and looked down upon the remains of that dear departed minister, whose memory is cherished in the hearts of all that knew him, he exclaimed:

'O change! O wondrous change! burst from the prison-bars

One moment there, so low, so feeble; now beyond the stars!

O change! stupendous change! there lies the soulless clod!

The sun eternal breaks, the new immortal wakes, wakes with his God!'"*

In accordance with Dr. Mattison's request his body was taken to Oswego for interment. On the way there was a sad recognition of the name by many. The precious remains were subjected to no rude handling, but employes and passengers seemed to vie with each other in paying to them and the surviving attendants their utmost consideration and respect. That tall form which had so often, while living, entered the residence of Captain Morgan with brotherly greetings, was now carried thither by others, thence to be borne to its last resting place. While awaiting interment it was visited and looked upon in sadness by a large circle of kindred and acquaintances, whose tears and grief proclaimed in a mute language more forcible than words, "Behold how they loved him!"

The funeral services were held at the First M. E. church in presence of a large and deeply sorrowing congregation, and were impressively conducted by Rev. J. F. Clymer pastor of the Church; Rev. Mr. Danforth of the Second M. E. Church; Rev. Mr. Condict of the Presbyterian Church Rev. G. H. Whitney of Jersey City; Rev. Mr. Greeley of the Congregational Church; Rev. Mr. Bonte

* *The Methodist* of Dec. 5, 1868, contained the addresses in full portions of which only have here been given.

of the Protestant Episcopal Church; and Rev. Mr. Hughes of the Baptist Church.

The Scripture lessons at the church and the burial service at the grave, were read from the "Pastor's Manual," prepared by Dr. Mattison's own hand.

The fact that so many different denominations were represented in the funeral services is suggestive of his eminent catholicity. He was no narrow-minded bigot. His was a heart as large as the "body of Christ;" his were sympathies as broad as the "household of faith." He occupied pulpits more frequently outside of Methodism, and was more widely known and esteemed than most of our chief ministers. Dr. Foster truly remarked to a friend on the day of his funeral rites at Jersey City, that "he was too wide for a sect." In keeping with the warm expressions of Drs. Burchard and Tyng on the same occasion was that of Rev. John N. Murdock D. D. Secretary of the American Baptist Union, in a letter to Mrs. Mattison some months after her husband's death: "I cannot forbear, even at this late day, telling you how much I esteemed and loved my departed relative and friend."

The resolutions adopted by the Newark and New York Preachers' Meetings, and by the Black River Conference, contained the fullest recognition of his many excellences and formed a tender record of his manly Christian virtues; while the memorial services of the Newark Conference were in the highest degree appreciative of his

superior courage, ability, and worth, as one of its chief moral heroes just fallen in battle. The eloquent addresses of Rev. Dr. Wiley, Rev. J. Hanlon, and Rev. Dr. McClintock awakened a deep response in the hearts of the vast congregation of ministers and people who listened to them. We can give only the noble tribute of Dr. Wiley.* He said :

“I have known Dr. Mattison for the last twenty years. His course was one that made its mark; his words were words of power. He could do strong things, and he did them. The secret of his strength lay in his consecration to God and his truth. He loved argument. He was never happier than when he could have a fair opportunity to contend against what he believed to be the teachings of error and of falsehood. Some of you may think that he carried some of his views to an extreme. If so, allowance must be made for him because of his peculiar temperament and the force of his will. He was no ordinary man, and it was hard for his thoughts to run always in the channels which other minds had formed. He must first question before he could endorse a doctrine. Yet in all his numerous discussions he wandered not from the faith once delivered to the saints. He was a champion of what we hold as ‘orthodoxy.’ He was a warrior indeed and happiest far, when with the weapons of reason, he stood amid the din

* For a report of this address we are indebted to the kindness of Rev. J. I. Boswell.

of intellectual strife. All ye who knew him well, bear witness to this fact, that when he fought, he fought for the truth, for freedom and for man!" (applause).

Dr. Mattison was a worker under great difficulties. His mind was too vigorous for the weak and nervous body which enclosed it. He was an invalid when his will prompted him to great efforts. Often he stood in the pulpit and preached with wonderful power, when others would have been in the sick room. I met him only ten days before his death, in the city of New York, and he showed me proofs of his last work on Romanism. He had large plans, and desired life only that he might accomplish more for the cause of truth. He has passed away but his name is fragrant in the Church. A lady told me that just before he died, a light of peace and holy joy seemed to pass over his countenance. His daughter noticed it and said 'Is not the window open? What was this light? It was the glory of the Lord which shone upon him. And so the spirit passed away in peace, in triumph.'

To say that Dr. Mattison was faultless would be to say that he was other than human; but combined with his necessary human frailty, there was so much of "the moral sublime" in his life, that we instinctively bury the one in the oblivious grave of his body, and remember only the other. No truer summary of his general character can be given than that which has been furnished by Rev. W.

Hosmer: "For pure simple individualism, for practical efficiency, for integrity of design, and for all the qualities which constitute the great and good man, I have not known the superior of Dr. Mattison. Of the depth of his personal religion and the strength of his faith, his life-long and arduous labors are the best possible proof. 'The tree is known by its fruit.' Such was Hiram Mattison—a man of rare and varied powers most sedulously devoted to the good of mankind. This to some may seem as indiscriminate eulogy but to me it is a sober fact and falls below the merits of my departed friend and co-laborer."

We might expect that the close of such a life would be joyous; that the sunset of such a day would be brilliant. But the sun-rising to follow the brief death-slumbers of the grave, shall be infinitely more resplendent—the sun-rising of a day that shall never end. "Watchman what of the night? Watchman what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh."

"Jesus is risen! triumphal anthems sing!

Thus from dead winter mounts the sprightly spring,

Thus does the sun from night's black shades return,

And thus the single bird wings from the Arabian urn.

Jesus is risen! He shall the world restore!

Awake ye dead! sleep slumb'ring saints no more!"

GLEANINGS.




AND when Ruth was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not; and let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not."

RUTH 2: 15, 16.

GLEANINGS.


UNDER this head it is proposed to add a chapter of reminiscences and other interesting matter which could not well be embodied in the foregoing pages.

BOYHOOD RECOLLECTIONS.

 ANY an aspiring youth was first introduced to Dr. Mattison through his captivating lectures on Astronomy, and received from him his earliest incitement to the study of that sublime science. In illustration, we give Rev. J. M. Buckley's interesting account of his boyhood recollections of Dr. Mattison. "My acquaintance with him dates as far back as the year 1848 when I was but a small boy. I was then taken to hear a lecture on Astronomy and it was perhaps the first time

that I had ever heard of Astronomy or learned the meaning of the word. Before that, the stars to me had been simply twinkling points of light, and the grand ideas of the sublimest of sciences had not expanded or entered my soul. The lecturer was tall and spare, seeming to me then of course much taller than he did in subsequent years. Indeed I thought that he was the tallest man whom I had ever seen. Naturally enough I supposed that a lecture would be very dry and only went because I had the opportunity. But when the tall man unrolled his maps, and I saw the Sun, Mars, Venus, Mercury, Jupiter and the other planets with the mysterious Milky Way, and the lecturer with pointer in hand, describing the heavens in a way which held the delighted attention of all, from the oldest and wisest to the children, who like myself gazed with wonder on the strange looking maps—I was forthwith an amateur Astronomer, and for some weeks just before retiring I studied the skies, while by day I endeavored to illuminate my playmates concerning the North Star, the Dipper, and the Pleiades. During the many years which have elapsed since those lectures I have been deeply interested in Astronomy and everything that relates to it, and rarely have I taken up a book on the subject or looked into the heavens without the vision of that tall man with the sharp eye, the long pointer, and the black maps, coming before me.”

"DELIVERED OUT OF THE MOUTH OF
THE LION."

HE reader is doubtless interested to know the outcome, or issue, in the Mary Ann Smith case, which we are happily able to give. About the middle of September, 1869, there appeared the following card in the *Newark Daily Advertiser* :

"We are requested to state that Mary Ann Smith is at present at St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, on the South Orange Road, where she has been for several months past, free to come or go as she saw fit. She is occupied as dressmaker for the children, and has refused several situations that have been offered to her, preferring to remain where she is. She has been to Newark several times this summer by herself, and returned to the Asylum of her own free will."

Having read this, Rev. J. S. Gilbert and Rev. Mr. Underwood, of Irvington, called at the Asylum September 17th, in order to see Mary Ann face to face. In reference to their interview, Mr. Gilbert writes as follows :

"In company with Rev. Mr. Underwood, of Irvington, I called at the Asylum this morning to see if such was indeed the real state of the case. At first we were told that she could not be seen, but at last obtained an interview. She came (in company with one of the lay sisters, for we had no chance to see her alone) weeping most bitterly. From her I obtained the following interesting facts, which will be read with much interest by many, and which serve to illustrate the cruel, crafty spirit of Rome :

"1. The letter published by Father Doane in which she was represented as a devout follower of Pius IX, Mary Ann Smith never dictated or wrote.

"2. She, after months of weary imprisonment and anxious waiting, in a moment of regretted weakness, promised to become a Catholic, and on these terms was sent to the Asylum, her father saying that unless she left the Protestant faith, he would keep her imprisoned for *twenty years*.

"3. The fear of being again sent to some gloomy convent, and there made to suffer such torture as only Romanism can inflict, keeps her from openly announcing her faith in Jesus.

"Her liberty then is the glorious liberty of being a Roman Catholic. All hail ! thou new-born star of freedom ! How long shall these things be ? How long shall Catholic priests drag converts from Protestant altars, immure them in convents, hire ex-jail birds to swear away

their character, and finally mock their suffering by a burlesque on freedom ?”

Soon after the interview above narrated, Father Doane published an affidavit of Mary Ann's, made before Judge Teese, in which she stated that she was contented, happy, wished to be let alone, &c. Of course no reply could be made to this ; and the matter rested till November 1st, when Mr. Gilbert learned, through a friend, that Mary Ann was living with a family in——. He called at once to see her and gathered from her statements the following facts: that she had escaped from St. Mary's Orphan's asylum soon after the interview spoken of; that Father Doane had compelled her to make the affidavit referred to ; and that she wanted to enjoy religion in peace, but was in fear of being discovered and taken back.

We forbear at the present to give further details, except to say, that she is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, an inmate of a most worthy family, and happy in the enjoyment of religious freedom once more. Her whereabouts is known only to a few friends who with the great Protestant public may well afford to wait in patience “ till the time appointed.”

TEMPERANCE ORTHODOXY.

TO illustrate Dr. Mattison's integrity of practice and utterance on the temperance question, we give a part of his first sermon at Rome * in defense of his position. It was founded on Ephesians v: 18, "And be not drunk with wine wherein is excess." After a frank and able discussion of the wine question as set forth in the Bible, he drew from the whole the following conclusions:

1. *Drunkenness* by any means, wine, spirits, or opium, is a *sin against God*; hence no impenitent drunkard can ever be saved! Poor man! No part in the kingdom of God!

2. Every man is bound by the law of *prudence*, by the warnings and examples of the Bible, and especially by the law of *expediency*, to wholly abstain from intoxicating drinks and drugs.

3. By parity of reason it is wrong to make or vend alcoholic drinks, or to authorize their sale, except for medicinal or mechanical purposes.

4. It is the duty of every good citizen, and especially of every *Christian*, to discourage the making and use of intoxicating drinks, by precept and example, in all Christian ways, and to the extent of his ability.

* See page 32.

Such are my temperance *principles*—Never advanced or advocated any other—Pastoral Address. Such too is my *practice*, in respect to drink, opium, snuff, tea, coffee, labor, reproof, etc. And yet “an opposer of Temperance!”

Several years after this, having meanwhile removed to New York, he planted himself firmly upon the platform of the “New York City Temperance Alliance,” and stood shoulder to shoulder with Wm. E. Dodge, R. E. Havens, C. C. Leigh, John Falconer, Schurman Halstead, and other champions of the cause. Among his papers, are sketches of addresses delivered by him about this time and notices of them by the press, which show how deeply he was interested in the temperance movement, and what important service he rendered toward advancing it. In one of these sketches we find the following :

But how prevent the liquor traffic? Answer :

Just as theft, gambling, fraud, blasphemy, seduction, and robbery—*by law!*

Objection.

1. “Church”—To mould laws.
2. “Church and State”—Church part of state.
3. “Politics”—Doff your religion?

(I). *Pray*—“thy kingdom come”. Vote for six thousand rum holes, then wipe mouth and pray, “O, Lord revive thy work.”

(II). “For *rulers*”—1 Tim. ii: 1--5. Vote for tipler who will wink and connive, then give “thanks,” and make

“supplications,” etc. Hard case!

“As a roaring lion and a ranging bear, so is a wicked ruler over the poor people.” Prov. xxviii: 15. “When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice, but when the wicked beareth rule the people mourn. Prov. xxix: 2.

(III). “Terror to evil doers”—Rom. xiii: 3. Do we vote for such?

4. “As *Christian* a temperance man; but as *politician*, with party.” Build and pull down—*Responsible* for sale and results! Sacrifice *religion* to *politics*. As *Christian* saved! As *Politician*, sent to hell!

Conclude.

I. Carry principles with you.

II. In behalf of widows, orphans, drunkards, Church, “Men of Israel help.”

Enforce existing laws. Remove polls from rum power. Suppress bribery. Strike for *Maine Law*!

Were Dr. Mattison alive he would be no indifferent observer of the temperance movement now in progress in various parts of the country, especially in New York city. The holding of temperance meetings in churches, under Christian auspices, addressed by various clergymen and philanthropic citizens—this would quicken the pulsations of his always warm heart, and send him at once to the forefront of the battle against the bitterest foe that curses and desolates the land!

REVIVALS, AND HOW TO PROMOTE THEM.



ALTHOUGH the brief notes from which Dr. Mattison delivered the eloquent address referred to by Mr. Buckley, page 158, can convey but a faint idea of its full beauty and power, the reader will doubtless be pleased to see them reproduced. We give them without alteration as we find them among Dr. M's papers.

Question—Define Revival—Extraordinary and special interest etc. Webster: “*Renewed and more active attention to religion; an awakening of men to their spiritual concerns.*”

I. *Must Believe in Revivals.*

Those who do not believe in never have—Quakers, Dutch etc.

1. True *agent* the Spirit.
2. *Instrument*—God's truth—“Sword.”
3. As a rule God *will* and *does* co-operate.

Two Theories.

1. Church from *children*—conversions—one by one. Lutheran—Dutch—Quaker etc. This the *normal*.

2. Instructed children etc; converted. Others from time to time—But *special*. Extra meetings—Excitement, etc.

1. *No revivals without special attention to the subject—Interest—feeling or excitement.*

(1). True of politics—Temperance—Stock company.

(2). Religious truth *calculated* to excite—Guilt—Hell.

(3). Man made to be excited. What sensibilities for?

Dormant in religion?

(4) Hence always excitement. Pentecost—Camp-meetings. *To repress is to kill.*

(5). Hence those denominations that *decry excitement, no revivals.*

2. *Must be Strong and Special Excitement.*

(1) Preacher.

(2). Church.

(3). Unconverted.

“Hot hearts,”—Edge only when excited.

3. *While strong excitement is indispensable, no strong excitement can always exist, or very long at a time.*

We in bodies: St John—“fell at his feet as dead.”

Roman guard—Rittenhouse 1769. So of religious—if too long, insanity or death.

None of us could live three months under the strongest revival burdens and excitements. Even Holy Ghost might burn out the temple—Destroy.

4. *As strong excitement indispensable, and yet its continuance*

for years impossible to our natures, we must have periodical or occasional, or none at all.

(1). A Logical conclusion from other two facts—Periodical or none.

(2). As matter of fact in all ages.

March and Rest.

Day and Night.

Showers and Drouth.

Pentecost; Antioch; Philippi; Wesley and Whitfield.

Our History from First.

Quarterly Meetings—Revival—Camp-meetings.

“Protracted”—thirty-five years, at least.

Originated churches—kept ranks full—made us as stars!

Ninety-five per cent of membership—three fourths of ministers or more.

This meeting—Last year 125,000—But “periodical!”

Well, most of God’s gifts: Day and Night—Spring and Harvest; Sabbath and Class and Prayer meetings; Family worship; Sacrament.

(1). Yet not strictly; no day or month.

(2). But even if so what of it? Philosophical.

II. Must believe they may be secured and promoted by human instrumentality.

1. As general rule; few exceptions.

2. Not wait for God’s “set time.” Go to work to originate; “get up,” or “bring down!” Either way!

Herein some "lean too much toward Calvinism."

3. Must believe if the right means used, the revival will come.

III. Go to work and use the means as if all of man.

1. Select best time ; Not July and August ; Out of cities ; Harvesting ; At sea ; At home ; Evenings long ; Cool and comfortable ; This but common sense.

2. *Preach Old Exciting Doctrines.*

Devil ; Hell ; Danger ; Children ; Cold professors ; Danger of Church etc. Till we feel ; Church ; Sinners ; "Knowing terror" "Saved with fear ;" Focalize ; Pile on truth ; Conviction ; Church and all ; Pray and work !

When conversions—press on !

If ranks broken, give no time to reform !

Press on meetings !

Don't fear excitement !

If it goes well go on !

1. Many will be saved ; Good and True ; Myriads in heaven look down to altars ; And protracted meetings

"O, happy day !"

"But Many Backslide."

Necessary result---

Ten times as many left as by any other plan.

"But Destroys Health of Preachers."

(1) Be prudent ; not overwork ; some may---

(2). Have known but little harm done to preachers—
Inskip etc.

Never one die!

Several ruined by Tobacco!

(3). Many die prematurely for want of hard labor;
Plethoric; Apoplexy, etc.

(4). If we die, in good work!

Summary.

1. Special revivals have their foundation in the physical and mental constitution of man; and are therefore both philosophical and legitimate.

2. That a revival without special excitement is a contradiction and an impossibility.

3. That to promote a revival, we must believe in, desire, and work for it, as for any other desired end.

4. To repudiate or disparage special meetings and revivals, is to discard the faith and practice which has saved most of us, and made Methodism a saving power, and a glory in this land.

Suppose we all cease?

No extra meetings this winter? Result!

Wait till fifty men work the quiet theory, and outdo fifty others in saving souls, then time enough to adopt.

Last summer---more camp meetings than ever before in America.

Last winter more protracted meetings---Results!

Shall we now abandon? Hold camp-meetings in winter?

Give up extra meetings in winter?

Hold in July or August?

Fall back on quietism, while Baptists and Dutch coming to us?

No! No! Keep old machine—more fire! Go in for extra meetings and a glorious revival this winter in all our churches!


Claim.

I. That the former is not the true theory of revivals, but is anti-revival throughout!

Strange inconsistency. Believe in revivals, and yet indorse this theory.

II. The seasons of special interest and excitement, promoted by special human efforts, are in every respect philosophical, scriptural and legitimate; and the Church is in her normal and proper state, when they are constantly labored for and realized, with all their accompaniments of special services and excitement.

VALEDICTORY.

N the one hundred and fifteenth page allusion is made by Mr. Taylor to Dr. Mattison's "last farewell." While none except those who heard it can fully appreciate its powerful argumentation and melting pathos, some idea of both may be gathered from the meagre sketch he left of it, and which we here subjoin.

It is given as presenting a fair specimen of his mode of preparing for the pulpit, described on pages 127-8

Acts, 20: 32. Now two and a half years.—Last Sabbath—could not be reappointed—Other duties—

Few things special and personal—

Yet not *wholly*—Good model—

Three years at Ephesus—Now closed—Elders &c

Account of services, &c.

I. *The prevailing desire of his soul.*

1. *Not that they remember and love him.*

Remember his *warnings*—v. 31.

They "an inheritance with the sanctified."

With the pure and holy in heaven.

Great *end* of all ministrations.

“For what is our hope, or joy, or crown—?”

“Now I live—”

Exhorts—&c. “that I may rejoice in the day of Christ.”

For this he had taught, and prayed, and wept.

Looked forward!

In this desire I sympathize to-day.

Two years and a half your Watchman and Teacher—

Some started under my labors—

No stronger wish—“May you live forever!”

II. *The means of salvation to which he commends them that they may reach heaven at last.*

1. “To God.” A life of Prayer. Private.

Live to God in private—Sincere &c.

2. “Word of his grace”—Mainly preaching—

God’s great ordinance of Instruction—

Strength—Comfort—

“Able to build you up.”

III. *Process*,—“Build you up—”

1. Tenor of whole Bible—“Grow in grace—”

Children—Blade—

“And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers;

For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ:

Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the

knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ :

That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive ;

But speaking the truth in love, may grow up unto him in all things, which is the head, even Christ." Eph. 4 : 11-15.

This path I commend to you.

Meant to have preached at length.

Hope never perplexed or hindered—

This all I time to say upon text—

Thus I desire, above all else—

Thus I commend you—

Thus I commend a steady progressive holiness, as safest path to God.

Now a few historical and personal—

1 *Circumstances of coming*.—Going out of Church—
Building ch.—76 converts—

War—Slavery abolished—&c.

Kind overture of Dr. Thompson—

Final conclusion—

Vacancy here—Committee—

My statement as to health and Pastoral work.

2. Sept. 4. *Inaugural discourse* 2 Tim. 4 : 5.—“But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work” &c.

(1) A Divine ambassador, to teach God's word.

(2) A Teacher—not mere repetition—go beyond what flock know—variety—

(3) A Watchman. (1) False Doctrines—Ordination vow. (2) Your lives—danger.

(4) Evangelist ; Souls converted ;

(5) Pastor and Administrator ; care for church temporal and spiritual.

3. *To what extent fulfilled.*

1. *Preaching.*

(1) Generally here on Sabbaths.

(2) Subjects ; variety ; some not often discussed—

(3) Sought to instruct, as well as please.

(4) No doubt mistakes, and all very imperfectly ; but never “deceitfully ;” What I believe to be the truth of God.

(5) *Admonitions and warnings.*

1—Immortality of soul ;

2. Millenarianism.

3. Universalism.

4. Attack of Smarius.

5. Dancing, &c.

6. Many sermons to unconverted.

2. *Social Meetings.*

Classes seldom ; Why ?

Prayer Meeting always when in city and not sick.

Sunday School, always till lately ; too much.

3. *Pastoral Work.*

(1) Sick in all cases known, with single exception.

(2) Thirty-two funerals ;

(3) Sixty-nine marriages ; All take time and tax ; A great responsibility ; Records &c.

(4) Forty-three Baptisms ;

(5) Forty-two professed conversions ; Why not others ?
Thirty-two received into church ; eight to be ; two dropped.

(6) *Membership* ; When I came two-hundred and seventeen ; now two hundred only, though thirty-two added on profession ; letters ; twelve deaths ; removals ; register. Believe more actual members who can be found &c.

(7) *Pastoral Visiting* generally neglected, especially for last year.

Warning as to treatment.

Invitations ; Dedications ; Centenary, &c.

Judged duty to accept.—

Do more for Christ on the whole.

Seventeen Centenary meetings.

Twenty-three Dedications, \$40,000 ; Declined many.

Ten or fifteen public lectures ;

Large correspondence ; eight per day.

One Quarterly, one Monthly, four Daily, fourteen

Weekly papers.

4. *Writing.*

1. Finished on Resurrection, Five chapters written.
Companion vol.—Felt duty—
Finished March 6, 1866.
- 2 Select Lessons June 26, 1866.
- 3 Defense, &c. December 14, 1866.
- 4 Popular Amusements, December last, 3,000.
- 5 Bible Doctrine—Vansant.—Just out.
- 6 Three Tracts—Dr. Wise.
- 7 Speeches on perfect Love ; Only *edited*.

About one hundred articles for papers.

Why do it ?

1. Not for *notoriety* or *fame*—God knows if ever such ambition, too late now—

2. Nor for *gain*—Poorest compensation ;

Do not believe that on the whole one dollar more for all !

3. *To serve God and my Generation.*

Few that write with success.

World needs and must have.

Will speak after my *voice* hushed.

Such my *views* and *motives*.

If erred may God forgive—you also.

If I have done and shall do *more*, by this seeming misappropriation of time and energies, you thus had missionary in field, &c.

Financial progress of Church.

(1) Mortgage	\$5,000
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(2) Floating debts	900
(3) Repairs	1,600
	—————\$7,500
(4) Centenary Offerings, besides about	\$2,000
Parsonage &c.	\$1,200

“Why a deficiency?” (1) Advance \$500 in Salary. (2) Other services about double. (3) Seats about the same.

Do not know what of debt remaining.

Of Personal Relations with Church &c.

- 1 Have always regarded as of God's good providence.
No other church so favorable.
- 2 Officers of Church generally *faithful* to duties;
Leaders; Trustees; Stewards; S. S. Superintendents.
- 3 Kind and respectful to me always.
Not first unkind word or intimation.
Always ready to aid.
Sympathy and forbearance.
- 4 As consequence, a growing esteem and love for
them.
Better I know, the greater my confidence in Christian
character.
5. *Can honestly say the same of the Church as a body. A
few who dishonor.*
Most steady; sincere, reliable Christians.
Great confidence to meet in heaven.
Commend *cheerful liberality.*

6 *Outside public.* Few acquaintances.

Impossible. Ministry of city.

Press. Only one slight fling.

Went to Trenton, &c.

Can easily excuse.

7. Self and family happy here.

1. To *Converts.* Baptized. Be faithful.

Cleave to God and Church.

With new Pastor begin anew.

Hear every sermon.

Attend Class and Prayer.

May I see names at last.

2. *Unconverted, and wanderers from God.*

(1) One hundred and thirty Sabbaths since I came among you.

All numbered with solemn past!

Alas! how many before!

(2) Nearly two hundred times stood here in God's name to beseech you.

Must *leave* you in road to death!

Husbands of pious wives.

O! neglect not the great salvation!

"Lay hold on everlasting life."

No time to waste! Now! This spring-time. "Lest death's relentless river."

Must now close.

A feeling of sadness:

Though dear family remain here, I know not when
with you again!

Many happy Sabbath hours in this pulpit.

Soul often refreshed and lifted up in prayer.

Precious seasons at Communion.

Not likely all meet at Table again.

I here and there; May perish like Dr. Monroe!

Trust nearer heaven than when I came.

Love God, his Church, Worship, People.

Look for a place with them in heaven forever!

In 1835 commenced ministry; believed called of
God; Obedient to this day; Never felt myself released.

Now feel health insufficient; Work as Pastor done
for life!

O! were it better done!

May God forgive all imperfections.

Accept the poor offering.

Enable me, O God, in new field to finish my course
with joy, and at last meet all the saints that I have known
and loved, with the faithful of this church of God, where
sin and sorrow are unknown, and where all tears are
wiped away!

“And now, brethren, I commend,” &c.

CONFERENCE RECORD.

For the convenience of the reader we present Dr. Mattisons Conference record in tabular form as follows:

- 1836-37. Victory circuit.
- 1838-39. Adams station.
- 1840. Superannuated.
- 1841. Agent of American Bible Society for New Jersey.
- 1842-43. Watertown station.
- 1844-45. Rome station.
- 1846. Superannuated.
- 1847. Supernumerary.
- 1848-49. Superannuated.
- 1850-51. Professor of Astronomy and Natural Philosophy in Falley Seminary, Fulton, N. Y.
- 1852-55. Superannuated.
- 1856. Adams station.
- 1757. First Church, Syracuse.
- 1858-60. Supernumerary.
- 1861. Fairfield, (nominal.)
- 1862. Withdrawn.
- 1866-67. Trinity Church, Jersey City, Newark Conference.
- 1868. Secretary of The American and Foreign Christian Union.

“FORBEARING ONE ANOTHER IN LOVE.”

AMPLE illustration has been given on other pages of Dr. Mattison's good nature and remarkable self-possession. Whatever weakness he might betray at any other point, he was always strong at this. Especially was this true during the later years of his life. Yet to the day of his death he lost none of that frank, manly positiveness of conviction and expression which marked him from boyhood. This positiveness, however mollified by grace, sometimes became the undesigned occasion of offense to some who themselves had not grace to bear it. But while others became offended at him, and in some cases cherished bitterness toward him, he seldom took offense himself; much less did he carry malice in his bosom toward any. And herein he always gained advantage over an opponent, and seldom failed to conquer him with kindness. But though the offer of a friendly hand to some offended brother might be scorned with disdain, as it was in more than one instance, yet even after this he always stood ready to meet that brother more than half way. Few men if any, possessing Dr. Mattison's strong elements of

character, have ever given more reverent heed than himself to that apostolic counsel: "Forbearing one another and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: as Christ forgave you, so also do ye."

A friend occupying an exalted position in the Church, and whose Christian candor does no less credit to his heart, than his acknowledged talents honor his head, has told us a spicy story of an encounter between himself and Dr. Mattison, which, though humiliating to each at the time, resulted creditably to both.

He was among those who entertained views and made professions on the subject of holiness, such as the Doctor was known to oppose. "There was a time," he said, "when I felt called upon to charge Dr. Mattison with lying; I even said to him—*You lie!*" "What answer did he make to this?" we asked. "Answer! Why, he simply looked at me and said—'Well, that will do for a sanctified man;' and sure enough he had me! We parted—and in thinking of what had transpired, I resolved that he should not be first in making advances for a reconciliation.

Some days afterward we were at the same place, and almost before I was aware he approached me, and laying his hand upon my shoulder said, 'Brother—it is not right that there should be any misunderstanding between us.' This was an overcoming surprise to which my tears became a speedy answer. We both wept, and gave to each other the hand of restored friendship."

THE SECRET SOURCE OF POWER.

REFERENCE has already been made to the freshness, fervor, and power of Dr. Mattison in prayer.

His deep communion with God was often the chief source of his success in the pulpit. The groaning of his spirit for help from above was far deeper and more earnest than the mere utterances of his lips could express. The writer has heard him speak with the utmost sincerity and frankness, of the renewed, entire consecration of his powers to God which he was wont to make on each occasion of entering the pulpit, and of his inward wrestling for the help of the Spirit. His remarkable sermon at the Morristown camp-meeting in 1866, has been vividly described in another place; but quite recently there has come to our knowledge a touching fact connected with it, which may prove a fitting supplement to the descriptions alluded to. It was related to us by Mr. Henry J. Bedell of Branchville, N. J. "As on that Sabbath morning," said he, "I was passing out some distance beyond the circle of the tents, I saw a man bowed upon

his knees, near a tree, earnestly pouring out his soul to God in prayer. I knew not who it was, and without disturbing his devotions I returned, and soon after took my place in the congregation for the morning service.


As thousands seated themselves around me and one preacher after another entered the stand, I saw the stranger whom but a few minutes before I had found upon his knees, ascend the steps and take his place among the ministers. I then thought—that is the man who will preach to us. I knew it from the attitude of prayer in which I had seen him when alone; and I looked for a good sermon. But it was more than good; it was the *greatest* sermon I have ever heard.”

Some secluded spot in desert or mountain was often chosen by the Divine Saviour for his deepest communings with the invisible; so in this instance, his servant of whom we write found his nearest access to God and his highest baptism of heavenly power, in the deep shades of nature's woody temple; and thus endowed he came forth before the thronging multitudes to achieve his crowning success in wielding the sword of the Spirit. And at ordinary times, the study or other closet of devotion, became to him a grand arsenal from which he bore away to the pulpit his mightiest weapons of moral warfare; a laboratory in which those hidden preparations of mind and heart were wrought out, the results of which were so marked upon his congregations.

May a difference be affirmed between the preaching of the fathers and that of their sons as to its effects? If so—wherefore? Has it come to pass that mere intellectual preparation for the pulpit greatly predominates over the spiritual and emotional.—that the head is everything, the heart nothing? “The letter killeth but the spirit giveth life.” And as the highest degree of heart-preparation is the chief source of power in the pulpit, so the closet has been appointed as the unseen presence-chamber of the Almighty, in which alone that preparation can be achieved. “But then, when thou prayest enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.”

“When one that holds communion with the skies
Has filled his urn where those pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
‘Tis e’en as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.”

THE BETTER COUNTRY.

HE sermon delivered by Dr. Mattison at the Sing Sing Camp-meeting on Thursday, August 13, 1868, was one of unusual beauty, pathos, and power. It was on a subject for which he cherished a tender fondness and to the contemplation of which he was always glad to turn aside from the sterner teachings of revelation. The effect upon the Christian portion of the audience was enrapturing to a degree seldom witnessed—a fact which may be easily conceived from the reading of it. While the skeleton of his last valedictory as a pastor; elsewhere given, shows the mode of his pen-preparation for the pulpit, the full sermon here supplied illustrates the use which he was accustomed to make of that preparation in preaching.

HEAVEN.

"But now they desired a better country, that is an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. 11: 16.

We are beings of hope and of fear: we are attracted by the one, and repelled by the other. God appeals to us, in all our worldly interests, through both our hopes and our fears. We hope for a competency, hope for fruitful harvests, hope for days of peace; we fear want, old age, days of darkness and calamity. Now, in religion, God takes us as we are—appeals to us as he does in all other matters that relate to the present world. He appeals to our hopes by revealing a world of indescribable beauty and glory, called paradise, heaven, eternal life, eternal glory—various terms importing, in the main, the same thing. He appeals to our fears also. He tells us there is a land of woe, a land of darkness and the shadow of death—the prison house of his universe, the appropriate home of devils, the final resting-place of the lost.

Religion always tends to beautify. It enhances the beauty of an individual's person. Persons become agreeable and look better by becoming pious. One whose brow is always knit and whose disposition is peevish soon transfers his disposition to the muscles of the face. Such is the connection between the body and the soul that dwells in it. But let him become pious, let the heart be all set right; let there be peace with God, love toward man,

the prospect clear, with victory over sin, death, and the powers of the world; wearing a smile from sunrise to sunset, week-days as well as Sabbaths, at work as well as in church—everything looks sunny and beautiful about him. Let religion go into a village where houses are dilapidated, where people are ragged and children are uncared for, and let it do its work, build its houses and rear its altars, and such will be the effect upon the people, that five years afterward you would not know the place.

This is the legitimate effect of religion. As holiness makes everything look better in this world, by parity of reasoning, when I reach the holiest place, I expect to see the most beautiful and the most glorious place in the universe of God. I look up yonder to Saturn; it is one of the most gorgeous objects in the heavens. Those beautiful silver rings—oh! how they glitter in the sunlight, in the far-off depths of immensity! It is very beautiful. But God has only hung that up to let us look at it, simply saying: "I give you a little notice beforehand lest it be too much for you to bear: when you die and reach heaven, I have something more beautiful than you have ever seen on earth." Now, this is to be the special dwelling-place of God. There is a great deal of beauty in other worlds; but when I get to heaven I expect to see in the dwelling-place of God more of beauty and more of glory in its structure than earth or the universe has known elsewhere.

All the types of the Bible teach us this fact. What was that old tabernacle in the wilderness, the most gorgeous that earth has ever known? What was that temple on Mount Zion? Why was it banded with gold? why those glittering turrets? why that costly drapery within, with its gems and pearls? God meant to say to us: "This is to represent heaven. I am going to use this in future days to represent the house not made with hands. Do you see how large it is? Do you see how it glitters and how richly adorned? Then think of the other house to which this is the portico, and through which the old Jews went up to the one that had endless foundations."

Good men, in all ages, have been influenced by both thoughts, where God's revelation was known—the hope of happiness and the dread of pain—and as I understand the Gospel of Jesus Christ, it always embodies both. A gospel that is all law, all terror, all death and ruin, is but a partial gospel; a gospel that is all heaven, all promise, with no penalties, no hell for the unforgiven, in a land beyond the grave, is equally destitute of the element of convicting power, which God has ordained to be laid upon the consciences of men by his holy ministers, and where that is omitted, there is no conviction; where it is partially omitted, convictions are very weak, awakenings very feeble, conversions faint.

But I said God's people have always looked heavenward. The old Hebrews had a promise of the land of Canaan,

but they looked beyond that, not being confined to transitory promises; they looked for another Canaan, which that but typified, and the text I have read relates to them, and this more distant view beyond the Jordan of Palestine, beyond the vine-clad hills of the Holy Land—another country. Of them, the Apostle says:

“Now, they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.” And, as they gazed, so millions have stood and gazed upward and hoped, and have been inspired and moved with quicker and firmer step in the way to God, as they have sung of everlasting deliverance; and millions still stand looking, not at the things that are seen, but on the things that are unseen. And, if I mistake not, this is one of the means that God has ordained, and for this end he has revealed it in the Bible: that, amid our sorrows, obstacles, discouragements, and trials, we should look up, and, as we look up, we should become encouraged, and should grow happy and strong, and that, through this truth and this heavenward gaze, God’s people should be made holier by thinking and singing of heaven, and looking toward it.

I think there is here an element of sanctification, for I never can dwell on heaven, in my meditations, but I find in it a sermon to me to haste to get ready to enter through the gates into that celestial world where my hopes centre. And, now, while I talk to you a little time concerning that land, will you pray, as I do, that He who revealed heaven to us, while we think upon it, talk about it, and look

toward it, would bless the vision to all his saints here ?

What are we authorized to believe and to hope concerning that life of the righteous beyond the tomb, which we call heaven ? First, I think we are authorized from the Bible to believe that heaven is not only a felicitous state of mind, but, also, a place—both a state and a place. Now, this seems to be implied in the fact that God has ordained that there should be sacred places all over this sin smitten world where we dwell—places that are more holy than other places. While I am no Romanist, and have no superstitious reverence for things that ought not to be revered, I revere a house of God when it is consecrated to him ; it is not like a commercial building, nor even like a college.

All the figures of the Bible point to a local heaven. What was paradise but a place ? and that is one of the terms under which God reveals the everlasting home of the saints. He speaks of it as a house ; a house is a dwelling place ; heaven is a house not made with hands. It is spoken of as a city ; a city is a local collection of people and of dwellings : heaven is a city. It is spoken of in my text as a country. The land of Canaan was a country, having its boundaries and its centre. Heaven is a better and a heavenly country. When Enoch was translated, he went in a chariot of fire to heaven. Did he not go somewhere ? Did he not find a landing-place somewhere, where those fiery coursers, that chariot of God stopped, and

let down the steps for him to alight? So it was with Elijah, when the state chariot came again, he went somewhere. He did not have his heaven here, but he was taken up to heaven. So, when Jesus Christ arose from the dead, and, after forty days, left this world, he ascended up into heaven. I suppose that Elijah went where Enoch had gone, and that Jesus Christ went where both of them lived, and that those who rose from the dead after Christ arose, went where the three had gone, and, if we are faithful to God, we shall go where they all have gone—to heaven at last, the home, the house, the country, where God's people shall dwell.

Now, then, we are finite; and I have said in my own soul, I feel the want of a local heaven. I cannot conceive how I should know myself floating away, a kind of mythical existence, with nothing but vacuity all around me. I want some anchorage. As the poet has said of God:

"To fix a point, a central point, collective of his suns,
As standards call the listed from afar,
Since finite every nature but his own."

My finite nature calls out for a local heaven, for a place to which I may go; and my social nature still more. It may do for my Unitarian or Universalist friend (I do not wish to displease him, but I think he has not quite got up to the Bible idea of heaven, and much less of the other world)—it may do for him to be satisfied with a heaven that is merely in his own bosom, for him to go and live

somewhere alone, and have no collecting together, even in heaven, or the other world; but I expect to carry my social nature to the land beyond the grave; and if, in this world, I stretch out my poor mortal hand and grasp the hand of a good brother, and I am blessed in so doing, and am happier and stronger by seeing his face and he by seeing mine, so I think that heaven, without associations, and without minglings of spirit, would be a defective heaven. My soul reaches out for it, and, therefore, there must be some place where we can get together—like our churches, like the tabernacle and the temple, like a camp-meeting, if you please—where God's blessing is on us, and where we are happy and rejoice together. Now, Isaiah said, pointing onward to the close of time, that the ransomed of the Lord should return, and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, said he, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. That never was true of Mount Zion yonder at Jerusalem; it was never true of the ransomed of the Lord that dwelt in mortal bodies. It can only have its fulfilment when all God's ransomed ones shall go up to the other Zion:

“Shouting their *heavenly* Zion gain,

And pass through death triumphant home.”

And so our Lord taught. “They shall come” said he “from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South, and shall sit down with Abraham and

Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God." There is a local gathering together in a place called heaven.

But I remember, when a boy in the ministry, being asked: "You say there is a heaven and a hell. Tell me where heaven is, and perhaps I will receive your doctrine." One says: "I think it is this earth on which we dwell: it is going to be regenerated, to be purified by fire, and here righteousness shall dwell." I have no doubt the earth will be purified in the grand restoration, and will be a suitable place for holy beings. So far as holiness is concerned, it may be as holy as heaven itself, and yet I cannot believe that this is to be the everlasting abode of the saints of God. I cannot now argue this millenarian question; but I will give you these two ideas, and pass along. My first reason is that it is not glorious enough to answer to the Bible description of heaven and never can be such without very great additions. I look right up in the heavens, and there is a world fifteen hundred times as large as this; I look yonder to the centre, and I find one inconceivably greater than that—five hundred times as large as earth, and Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and all the satellites put together. Now, I do not suppose that God is going to pick up some little country cross-roads, and make that his metropolis; I do not suppose that he is going to take this little, trembling, murky atom on which we dwell, and make that the city of the Great King. My second reason is that there is a

heaven now ; its foundations are not to be laid. Our friends went to heaven ; and heaven is not going to be removed, and brought from yonder down here. We are going there ; they are not coming here. I know that one good man had a beautiful conception, and it may be true. I refer to Dr. Dick. He looked up, and said : “ Yonder is the pale moon, paying her endless tribute to the earth—earth is the centre.” Then he thought of the earth here : she is paying her tribute forever to the glorious sun, which is her centre, and all the other planets are revolving in their pathways. Then he took Madler’s great thought, that the sun himself is also moving on in his great journey, as the moon, in every twenty-nine and a half days, makes her revolution around this world. Then, he said, if the sun is traveling thus, he must also have his centre, linking with it the idea that all this stellar system, in the midst of which the sun is imbedded, and to which we belong, is but a sisterhood of worlds, making one cluster of nebulae in the furniture of infinite space. This whole nebulous system may be moving away, and how many more equal groups may be moving he could not say. As this seems to be the order of the universe, following up this analogy, somewhere there must be a grand centre around which they all revolve, as the moon around the earth, the earth around the sun, and the sun around Alcyone in the Pleiades, and all the rest around something—where, he could not tell. He said the sun had only re-

volved one three thousandth part of its orbit, and yet the years of eternity give him time to roll round and round.

That is a sublime conception. I expect Dr. Dick knows now. I will wait my time, for I feel as one good brother did, who knew something of astronomy; when he was happily converted to God some man said to him, "I suppose you will give up your astronomy now?" "Oh! no," said he; "I will study astronomy still, and take the stars in my way, for I am going to heaven." I will leave that as to where it is. It is not very important for me or you to know; if it had been, God would have told us. A man who should want to know where a certain city in Europe is, if he did not understand the geography of Europe, could not know anything about it; and how can I know where heaven is till I understand the map of the universe? If an angel should come down here, and tell me, I should not know what he meant. We must die to understand that. But that there is a heaven is a glorious and important truth.

I observe, secondly, that heaven, without doubt, has a material basis, or, if you please, foundation—that it is a material as well as a spiritual world. I know our prejudices are all against that. We see matter ever changing, ever decaying, and oft becoming offensive. We as spirits, are linked to a decaying, corruptible body. All our observation, therefore, goes to prejudice us against everything that is material; and yet God has made a

thousand things in this world to teach us that material things are not necessarily corruptible. He has given to us the diamond and the gold, and they preach to us that lesson. Now, I do not conceive of any moral impurity in matter in itself. I think God has made ten thousand worlds that are as pure and holy, negatively, as Gabriel himself. God has made them so; so that this fact is no objection to a material abode. Then, in the second place, we are to have a resurrection; our material bodies are to be raised from the dead. Christ had a body, and, in that body, he ascended up on high, and now sitteth at the right hand of the Father. Those bodies require a material world. In the resurrection of the dead, we shall not be blind, we shall not be without eyes; and what is the use of eyes without light? and what is the use of eyes and light without anything to see? The very resurrection of the dead in our vile bodies, changed and made glorious, implies not only a place, but a material abode. Everything will be adapted to it. In this respect, we shall have eyes with which to see, ears with which to hear, and voices with which to sing the everlasting songs.

More than this. Much as we may decry the pleasures of sense, abstractly and in themselves considered they are ordained of God, and are just as pure and holy to the righteous as any other joys. Do you doubt it? It is right for me to see beautiful things, if they are innocent, and to hear delightful sounds if they are innocent.

Adam had eyes, and ears, and voice, and we shall have beyond the resurrection morning, and in the heavenly world forever. How a spirit can see, or hear, or speak, we may not conceive; how an immortalized man can hear with his immortal ears or see with his immortal eyes, we cannot tell. We do not want to speculate. These things in heaven itself may minister to the holiest joys of the saints of God. We shall be there in our immortal bodies. I shall want the eyes that God gives me in the resurrection made powerful and glorious, to see my fellow ransomed ones in their immortal bodies. I shall want to hear them, and speak to them; for the older I grow, the less I believe that heaven is to be so utterly unlike the land in which we live. Take away sin, and we shall find many things there that will remind us of this world below. Then, again, how the material world may illustrate the wisdom, power, goodness, and glory of God to all eternity! The good man sees it in his works. How many, walking in a garden of flowers, have become as happy as if they bowed down in secret prayer, seeing the glory of God in the variety and fragrance of the flowers! Oh! how it tells of the infinite resources of Him who shaped and painted every one. I expect I shall study God, not only here, mingling with his people, but by knowing something of his works, of his skill, of his power, of his beneficence, as shown in the material creation after death. I can do it now; I can do it better after I am raised from

the dead. I cannot see here without helping out my sight, first with glasses, then with a microscope, the minute creations of the Deity, and then with the telescope, to bring distant objects near; but when God raises me from the dead, who can tell but that I shall be able to adjust my eye to make it telescopic and microscopic, and thus make it serve all the ends that God can make an optical instrument serve in the land of mortals. O brethren! it doth not yet appear what we shall be in the world to which we go. Who can doubt that heaven will be of surpassing beauty and magnificence?

All the pictures of the apocalypse teach the same doctrine. Heaven is described as the holy city, the New Jerusalem, coming down out of God. What a vast city! how high its walls! how glorious its gates of pearl. There is Mosaic in all the walls, representing the twelve tribes of Israel, and all along are the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb. What is that for? Why, it is to raise our conception of our eternal dwelling-place. That is the great end of that vision, as I conceive.

What does the Bible teach more specifically about it? It teaches, first, that there will be no sin there. "There shall in no wise enter into it that which defileth," (my unconverted hearer, remember that), "neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie, but they who are written in the Lamb's book of life." There is a prohibition. The angel at every gate has his charge: "Let none enter

here that are unholy; let none be admitted that wear not the regalia of the skies. If they come in white, bid them welcome; if with robes unwashed, they have no place here." What a glorious picture that is in the Apocalypse!—they are these in white.

There is to be no death there. O! that word "death!" O! that reality before us all—"death!" When we come to die, friends may accompany us to the bank of the stream, but they cannot pass beyond. You, my brother, you, my unconverted hearer, must die alone, must go that untrodden way. And how death has agonized us! How many hearts are here that have bled at parting with husband, wife, or children! O! the desolation that it has wrought and will continue to work until time is no more! Well, king of terrors, what about that world yonder? "There shall be no more death." This would be no gospel to the angels or to the dwellers in any other world. If they never sinned, they would not know what it meant, but we know by observation what death is. Now, he says, there shall be no more death; neither shall they die any more. Christ hath abolished death. David said that was the land of life. This is the land of death—it is all life there. There flows the river of life; there stands the tree of life; it is all life in that glorious world. They wear a crown of life.

There is a period coming when we shall get beyond the power of death, when there will be no sorrow or pain, for

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away. As when the storm has gone by, and the rainbow spans it with its glittering hues, so shall we look back on the storms of life, and remember that they are "passed away." "They shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall lead them to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Where now those weeds of mourning? Where now the habiliments of bereavement and sorrow? Where now the tolling bell and the graveyard scene? Left behind, and left forever.

"No tears shall be in heaven, no darkened room,
No bed of death, or silence of the tomb;
But breezes ever fresh with love and truth
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth."

God points to it and says: "Rest." Now, to those that never were weary, those whose systems never faint, this would be no incentive. Here we toil, we row away to make the blest shore. The great majority of God's people have to labor with their hands, many of them unduly labor, struggle, toil, and wear out; health breaks down, sickness comes, and death at last. Now, God says to every toiler, knowing our lot here: "There remaineth therefore, a rest to the people of God." "Blessed are the

dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labor." "Here we rest," said the old Indian chief, long years ago, having been pushed on and on by the white man: he went up to a large tree that he thought would stand, and inscribed on it hieroglyphics, and when asked what it meant, he said, "Alabama." What does Alabama mean? It means: "Here we rest." He had crossed, as he supposed, the last stream, and the white man would disturb him no more. And so, when God's saints cross the river of death, though I think they will be very careful not to mar the tree of life, yet they will feel like inscribing on all the trees of Paradise their heavenly immortal "Alabama"—here we rest forever.

I expect God will honor a great many there who are not much honored in this world. In the first place, though I do not know the full force of it yet, God's people are to sit at the right hand. Does not that mean a place of honor? Elsewhere Jesus has said if we acknowledge him before men, he will confess us before the Father and the holy angels. If immortals could blush, I expect a great many would blush when they see the angels, God's ushers, running down and beckoning some poor widow whom nobody cared for in this world, who died in a garret and was buried in a pine coffin; they beckon her away, "Come up higher," and singing, as they bear her away on their "snowy wings," and place a crown upon her brow. "They shall be kings and priests unto God." I do not know

what that means ; but I know it means something blessed. People have the foolish idea here that kings are very happy and very exalted, and God accommodates our weakness, and says, " if you want a crown, I will give you one ; if you want to be a king, I will make you one, and your reign will not be for a short time" (there are no revolutions there), " but for ever and ever."

That is the land of the believer's triumphs. He shall triumph over sin in this world ; he shall triumph over the world there ; he shall triumph over the fear of death, and he will then have triumph over the grave. And that is the meaning of those palms of victory. " They overcame through the blood of the Lamb." Then think of the endless joy and the songs which describe the felicity of heaven. " They sang a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders, and no man could learn that song but the one hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth." I think we have generally had the correct idea that it is a song which the angels cannot sing. There is a verse of one of our hymns which we will not sing in heaven. We shall never sing that blessed old hymn,

" Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,"

but there is one we will sing, which is a favorite hymn of mine :

" O happy day ! that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God !"

Heaven will be a land of immortal reunions. I some-

times wish I could never speak of my own experience or feelings ; but I am so out-spoken I can hardly help it. A brother talked about his children here to-day. I could but think of those that I have laid away in four different graveyards, yonder in the cold north, the field of my early ministry : no two of them sleep together. It seems rather painful ; yet I do not know but it is just as well, because they won't sleep there long. We will come together, not like bringing them together in some graveyard, where I could go and plant flowers and whisper to their spirits, but where there are no graves and no tears. I look forward to that. The last that I buried was a little cherub of twelve years and two months, a little saint of God, and the only regret I have ever had about her was that I thought so little then of childhood conversion. I was sorry I did not bring her to the communion three years before, for I believe she was as ripe for heaven as many an old Christian. She talked with much calmness of that better world, and said : "Ma, don't weep so ; it makes me feel as if you thought it would not be well with me after death." How clear her path ! We could not hold her, but laid her away yonder in my father's orchard, on the shores of Lake Ontario. Only four years have passed away, but can I cease to love her ? No, no ; years do not diminish that affection. But how should I feel if there was no hereafter ? How should I feel if I, expecting to be saved myself, should never hear of her in the heavenly

land? I shall carry my memory with me beyond the grave, and I believe, as religion sanctifies and keeps alive this love for my dead, as I go toward old age and the grave, it will outlive the final stroke, and I shall remember her still in the land to which I go. How should I feel if I knew she was there and could not find her?

I went to Boston, a year ago last June, to a great convention there. I had never been in New England. I went to No. 5 Cornhill, and saw one hundred ministers, but there was not one among them all that knew me. I went elbowing my way among them, and got a new idea. I thought, if there will be no recognition of friends in heaven, what a lonesome place it will be for a poor man who gets there! At length, I found a man who exclaimed: "Why, Brother Mattison, is it you?" "Is this Brother Mattison?" said another, and so the introduction went around. It was a Book-Room heaven in a short time. I expect it will be so when we join our sainted friends in heaven; I expect that we shall know each other there.

The dying mother has often said to a daughter: "Will you meet me in heaven?" "Yes, mother, I will," was the response of the sobbing heart. The mother passes away, and the daughter dies at length in the Lord, and they will meet to part no more. Two years ago, a mariner, who had been on a whaling voyage to the Pacific, entered New-Bedford. He left his wife and little boy behind, and had been gone three years. As the ship came near, he

became so excited that when the orders were given he could not obey, having lost control of himself. By and by he saw people in the distance, and asked the privilege of looking through the glass. Up yonder on the hill, back of them all, he saw a woman, by whose side there stood a boy, and she had a glass in the use of which she appeared to be equally interested. I need not describe the scene of their coming together. They met; but after a few weeks he had to take another voyage, and run the risk of shipwreck and of never returning. But when we meet, we shall not part again.

“There all the ship’s company meet
 Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
 With shoutings each other they greet,
 And triumph o’er sorrow and death.
 The voyage of life’s at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past;
 The age that in heaven they spend
 For ever and ever shall last.”

O God! speed our footsteps to the eternal city. I have the best to tell you. It is a land of uninterrupted peace and eternal communion with God. It will be pleasant to gaze upon those streets of gold, that glorious imagery of material things; it will be pleasant to see each other face to face, and to see the Saviour as he is. But it is not the beauty of heaven that makes its essence and its glory; not the freedom from sin and death and sorrow and pain; not the rest that remaineth; not the crowns and the harps and the robes of white; not the songs of deliverance and the

greetings of the saints. These are all thrown in, like the blessings we have here in connection with a godly life, but it is something more than that. We shall see God and behold the King in his beauty. O! that better country and heavenly! I do not wonder the old Hebrews desired it, and God said he was not ashamed of them. That seems to imply that there are those who profess to be his followers that he is ashamed of; but those that keep their eye on heaven and eternal things God is never ashamed of, and he has prepared for them a city.

I say, first, in conclusion, that is the land of my hopes, with all my weaknesses, ignorance, and infirmities:

"The hope that points to distant years,
And opens through this vale of tears
A vista to the skies."

That is the land of my soul; there is where I wish to dwell forever. We must go through the tomb, but beyond it is a land of brightness unshaded by the gloom of death. This is what heaven sets before us to stimulate our piety and strengthen us in the way. And now, if you wish to know where heaven is, I think I can tell you. It is at the end of a good man's life, for the difference is so little you will never know it.

For we know when the silver cord is loosed, and the veil is rent away,
Not long and dark shall the passage be to the realms of endless day;
For the eye that shuts in the mortal hour shall open the next in bliss,
The welcome shall sound in the heavenly world, ere the farewell is hushed in
this."

Secondly, if such is our home at last, why should we

not be contented and happy, come what will, here? I am ashamed if I ever did repine any, but I feel thankful to God that in reference to that thing I have had a little grace. I have never had any gloomy days: nor have I had any trouble as to my conversion and acceptance with God. If such is our home at last, why should we not do as Paul did when he said, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present life are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us"? Do the clouds come up around you? Lift your eyes to heaven; look to the New Jerusalem; gaze on the things unseen, until you are changed, as it were, into the same image from glory to glory.

I feel that it is best for us to go singing through the world. I think one of the evidences that the Methodists are the people of God is, that they are generally so happy and sing so well. People used to say that Methodism would make a Quaker sing. I hope it will be so till the end of the world. Who of all to whom I speak would not spend his everlasting years in such a world as the one I have described? The skeptic, who may be here, says in his heart: "If there be such a world as that, I want to go."

Well, now, dying hearer, life soon ends; the night cometh, and what then? what after death?

"What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?"

Oh! come and stand with me here, and look out on the everlasting years that roll beyond the flood; count the leaves of every forest, the drops of every ocean, the sands of every sea, and let them tell of the ages of long eternity that you must fill up with joy or woe, and answer to thy soul, thy conscience, and thy God, where would you spend those everlasting years? Come what will—life, death, disappointment, losses, pain, feebleness—come one, come all, yet may my God grant me this: that I fall not of heaven at last. Let me be saved, and it is enough: let the waves roll if they will, and the thunders peal; let dyspepsia gnaw and disease make pale and tremulous—all right! Blessed be God!

I am in no hurry to go; I would stay here twenty years more, but I am ready when God calls me. I ask you, sinner, whither you are bound? Is there any light ahead in your case? How is it with you, unconverted man, prayerless father, bringing up your children without pointing them to God, leaving them an example which will be a sad heritage of woe to them when they look on your cold, pale face in your coffin and at your burial? I call upon you, as you love them, and are bound to the judgment and must live forever, I call upon you to go with us to heaven. Join this march of life to that better country and heavenly. Do you ask the way? "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore

are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple."

"I ask them whence their victory came?

They, with united breath,

Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,

Their triumph to his death."

Now, "if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me." I trust, sinner, that you desire to be saved: you do not want to perish forever; I trust you feel a drawing toward the New Jerusalem. It may be your last call: start now for the heavenly country. I set out thirty-five years ago, and am determined to get there. I am going to have a crown, a robe, and a portion in that heavenly country.

An editorial item in *The Methodist* of January 9, 1869, from which the above sermon was copied, made this touching allusion to it:

"We publish as a memento of the late Dr. Mattison, a sermon on 'Heaven,' delivered by him at the Sing-Sing Camp-Meeting in August last. It is a scriptural and effective discussion of the theme, and read in the light of his sudden decease, is an impressive statement of the faith and hope of a devout Christian."

A fresh interest is now thrown around the "sudden decease," of which the editor here speaks, by the unexpected death of Dr. McClintock. Yesterday, March 8, 1870, a vast congregation at St. Paul's M. E. church, New York, wept over his lifeless form, which, after touching addresses

by Bishops Janes and Simpson and other appropriate services, was borne to the beautiful Greenwood Cemetery, and there laid away to "rest in hope" of a glorious resurrection. Less than a year before, he was one of the speakers who made addresses in memory of Dr. Mattison at the memorial service of the Newark Conference.

Fain would we give to the reader his address, but no report of it is at hand. The many, however, who listened to its thrilling utterances concerning Dr. Mattison, can never forget the speaker or his chaste, fervid eloquence. Between the two men there was a wide difference on some points of Church policy, but their personal friendship was close and true. How brief was their separation—how blessed has been their re-union!



“WHOSE FAITH FOLLOW.”

If concerning Abel it might be written by the hand of inspiration----“He being dead yet speaketh;” and if a single act in the life of Mary the sister of Lazarus, could call forth from lips divine that tender eulogium----“Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in all the world, there shall also this that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her,” with how much emphasis may it be affirmed of Hiram Mattison, that his “works do follow” him. Not that all his works without exception tended always to edification; and where may be found the man living or dead, of whom such a statement can be made? St. Paul writing of those whom he calls

“our fathers,” describes them as “ensamples”—ensamples as the context shows not less to warn us by their follies than to stimulate us by their virtues.

It is Peter Bayne who says, “The veneration with which several generations have regarded Luther and Calvin”—he might have added Wesley—“is profound; but what Protestant would declare the character of either of them to have been flawless.”

If these pages have not portrayed a flawless life and character it is because they have dealt in fact not fiction; therefore the shadings of human imperfection have of necessity formed part of a picture luminous with excellences. The constant aim has been to adhere to a real exactness in recording every fact and delineating every feature. The only known failure to accomplish this is the borrowed incident described on pages 3 and 4, by Mr. Taylor.

Though having a *foundation* in fact, it is not correctly stated in some particulars as we learned after it had been copied; and contrary to design it was set up and stereotyped before attention could be called to the mistake. It is a thrilling picture and one which might easily have found its complete basis in the troublous scenes from which it was drawn. But there was so much of the actual in Dr. Mattison’s diversified career to interest a reader, that no occasion has been felt to employ other than facts in exhibiting his life and character.

This "labor of love" is now done. May the undissembled piety, the diligent habits, the heroic courage, the fidelity to conscience, and the self-sacrificing zeal which so distinguished our subject while he lived, and which now unite to give his name an honored place in the galaxy of true greatness—may these well-attested and fondly-remembered virtues prove a wholesome example to all who WORK HERE for a righteous success; and may the glory which circled his victorious brow in death, be as the eloquence of a new inspiration, saying to all who sigh for REST HEREAFTER,—"*Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life!*"

